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A U T U M N 1947

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A NEW ERA BEGINS —

Let us explain ourselves. We, the editorial board, desire to trap genius in its lair, whip its cowering soul into public view, often public applause, and perhaps hand it a cash prize.

We find that it will be at last possible this year to give some recognition by cash prizes to the truly excellent work contributed to us. There will be prizes at the end of the year for the best fiction, essay, poem, the best drawing, and—something new—the best photograph of a creative nature. In each issue we will print the best of the current contributions, and in June the best of each class will be selected by qualified judges.

This plan is not merely for the benefit of seasoned contributors, for we are continually searching for, praying for, new talent. It is the index of our vitality, and the main object of our existence to encourage talent by being an organ of its expression by the undergraduate student body.

For those sophomores and freshmen who are interested in the editorial phase instead of, or as well as, the creative, there will be a contest from which those three who display the most interest, initiative and judgment will be elected to the board.

There are several innovations to appear in later issues of *The Quarterly*, but we will do no more than tantalize by hinting at them. How would you like to know what kind of work is appearing in other college magazines comparable to ours? How would you like to have some real contact with those who are already successful in the professional world of literature? Just wait—we have great expectations.

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STORM

Funneling through the valley
Scraping the trees to the sod;
And the women pray to God.

Dark torrents of water,
Smelling of drowned earth
Raging down the mountain;
And men curse between drawn lips.

Dark vats of clouds, black, grotesque,
Boiling overhead;
And children whimper with wide-bulging eyes.

Dark torrents of wind
Funneling through the valley,
Dark torrents of water
Raging down the mountain,
Dark vats of cloud,
Boiling black, grotesque;

And the children whimper,
And the men curse,
And the women pray to God.

— *Shirley-Marie Dunn*

Boss Boy

Garsu, the boss-boy, sat comfortably in the sun, watching the gang begin to lay on the woven palm thatch which would make the roof of the hut. More than twenty years of this kind of living—sitting and watching during the warm days—had made him indolent, and besides, he had grown old. As a result, the respect with which his commands had formerly been heard and carried out, had dwindled to an amused toleration. Even when he shouted, opening his rubbery, thick lips widely, and straining all the cords in his short neck, the thunder of the great voice brought only the ghost of sudden fear into the eyes of the gang. And, in a moment, the half-smiles and the repressed laughter would reappear. And the men, especially the younger ones, seemed to delight in deliberate disobedience. Garsu had told the small, bright-eyed Palmi only this morning, to pound more nails into the center beam, and Palmi, the bright eyes snapping, had smiled and gone off to weave more palm leaves around a split piece of bamboo for the final roofing.

Garsu grunted, and reaching behind his back, struck a fly which hovered for a moment, as if to light, and then, as the black hand moved toward it, flew away. Even the slightness of this effort brought another grunt from Garsu, for ease of living had brought with it a stoutness of flesh, particularly about the already large chest and shoulders. There had been a tendency for the toad-like face to become more pronouncedly jowly, until, in moments of repose, the contours of the lower jaw itself were lost in the curves and roundness of the drooping flesh.

Recovering his composure, Garsu glanced crookedly at Masta Pranis, the white American, who sat not far away also watching the work. Garsu, with other members of the gang, had struggled in vain to say "Francis", and had given up. Masta Pranis had chosen the shade of a palm to the bright, blistering heat of the sun, and sat remote and immovable, trusting to the primitive authority of Garsu to insure the correct sewing and placing of the palm leaves. When the job was done, the roof would resist the most torrential of the tropic rains.

Garsu watched the white man for a moment, wondering at the strange inscrutability of the face. One could always tell anger or pleasure in a white face, he mused, but the American must have other thoughts which, had they been in the possession of Palmi, could have been detected in the curl of the lips, or the posture of the head. Garsu had worked for the white man for as long as he could remember, and he still could not say for certain what thoughts were there other than anger or pleasure.

There was Palmi now, he thought, slinking toward the back of the hut, probably in the direction of a hidden supply of betel nut. "Bush-Kanaka", he

growled, and Palmi, hearing him, grinned. Garsu rose clumsily, brandishing a thin twig he had cut for just such an occasion. Applied to Palmi's bare back, the twig would sting for a moment. The smile still lingering on his face, Palmi sauntered back to the hut, and swung up into the beams. Garsu shook the stick, and muttered again. And high in the beams Palmi laughed loudly, and the others followed. Garsu stepped under the half finished roof, and disregarding the laughter, squinted toward the palm shingles. He noticed immediately that the work was uneven: there were gaps through which the sun shone—small ones to be sure, but enough to let in the rain.

"You catch him", he growled to Palmi, "work him one time more". Palmi stared down from above for a moment without moving, and his eyes were insolent. And as he waited, noisily for a moment, Garsu felt a sudden apprehension. The crookedness had been deliberate. Garsu shivered in spite of the warmth, remembering suddenly the old men in the village who wandered white haired and lonely from hut to hut. And, in the same moment, he remembered the first overflowing sense of power, long ago, when the white masters had chosen him to lead. The thoughts came indistinctly, like the sound of wind in the jungle trees at night, and he could no more than feel darkly that somehow the motionless Palmi, scarcely more than a pickaninnie yet, threatened all his power and privileges. For the white man was kind to the chosen leaders, and there was a release from toil and sweat in the sun.

But the moment had passed, and Palmi, shifting his gaze, began to unfasten the rattan bindings which held the palm shingles in place. Garsu turned and walked back into the sun. The American had not moved. Garsu was sure that had one of the Australians who named the work gangs in the morning been sitting there there would have been less silence, but the American said nothing. Still, Garsu did not feel free from the cold apprehension—it had been more like fear—which had touched him the moment before. He sat down again near the American, watching him curiously out of the corners of his eyes. Masta Pranis, as coldly immovable as before, watched the workers, and Garsu was sure he had not understood what had taken place in the hut. As Garsu knew, Americans had a little difficulty understanding pidjin, unless one were to point and gesture while one talked. Still, the white, mask-like features might hide a rising contempt; and it was contempt that Garsu feared. There had been a kind of contempt in Palmi's eyes, but it had yielded to command. The Australians, whose words were law in the islands, but who seemed glad to have the Americans there, would have understood and derided this dwindling of power. And if the American understood, would he not also think Garsu should be sent back to work with the women in the village?

Masta Pranis turned his eyes toward Garsu, who waited with his tongue dry in his mouth. The American smiled, and offered the package.

"You like cigarette?" he asked.

— *Carroll Robbins*



Street Scene In Kraiburg, Bavaria

FRANK PADYKULA

VETERAN

Lewdness walks on leather heels through summer streets
Among the perfect people of a stable town
Tight trouser legs that also walked in Rome
From Anzio and Sicily and up the festered boot
And lay on simple chairs while love seeped through
The stench of sweat and warm Italian wine
And spent itself upon pathetic beds

Lewdness walks on leather heels through summer streets
Among the fool and unsuspecting clown
Who fought the war from benches in the park
And talked about the weather on the sixth of June
Trousers legs that burst with apathy
In Caen and walked to Paris in the autumn sun
To lie across the metal framework of a bed

Lewdness walks on leather heels through summer streets
Among the narrow mind and sickened eye
And crouches softly in the crevice of a door
To watch the whitened breast and silken thigh
Glide past in unrelenting heat and smile perhaps
While trouser legs drawn tight against the wall
Are filled with knuckled fists

— *Rockey*

The Plan

No, there couldn't be any mistake this time. He had been too careful. This wasn't a thing done on an impulse, it was carefully planned—oh so very carefully and cleverly. It was so simple, really, to arrange a perfect crime. All you needed to do was plan and then check over each little detail and take into account the laws of chance. There couldn't be even a slip up there, because there was an alternate plan for every step in case the first went wrong through the little slip that always caught the criminal, and which was always the thing which hadn't been counted upon. Chance—well, let chance step in, he was ready for any twist, and almost hoped for one to prove the efficiency of his work.

He sat in the big leather chair, lighted a cigarette and waited. That was going to be the hardest thing, the waiting. Inhaling deeply, he thought over the plan again, and with the critical mind of a professional planner he sought for loopholes—for the tiniest flaw. There just weren't any. He smiled exultantly when he thought of the suicide note written in her own handwriting. He had saved it almost a year, and there wouldn't be anyone who would remember it. No one. He thought that was the best thing in the whole scheme. The note. He remembered the night she wrote it—in Marj's apartment. They had gone over to play bridge and another couple had dropped in, so they had talked for a while, when somebody suggested a new game. It was called "suicide", and part of it was the writing of notes by each person, outlining the reason why he or she was going to commit suicide. He had helped her write it, phrasing it so that it would appear the cause for suicide was so she could be with her secret lover, who had killed himself with her, rather than to go on living away from her. He didn't know she had a secret lover then; that hadn't come out until he had been discharged from the army, and they had come back east to live, and she had told him about Fred. He had been furious at first, and had refused to give her a divorce—and so they had lived for almost a year, hardly speaking to each other.

He met Jean a month ago and had wanted her, but when he offered to grant Irene a divorce it was she who refused to accept. She didn't want to leave the house, she wanted to go right on living there and seeing Fred. She was unreasonable—she had seemed almost mad when she screamed at him, telling him she would live there, and throw Fred into his face every day of her life and there was nothing he could do about it. Of course she didn't know about Jean. She would never have thought him capable of an affair. He smiled again to himself. She knew so little about him, really.

Jean had helped him plan it. She had insisted that it was the only way out, and he had known it was even before she had urged him to follow through.

Tonight it would happen. He slid the shiny 25 caliber automatic out of his pocket and looked at it. He had bought it for her when they were living in Florida, and she had been alone so much while he was at the field nights, flying. She had always laughed at the idea, and had never shot the gun, even for practice. But she had kept it with her, just the same, and he had taken it from her table drawer tonight for the last time. He had checked it, and oiled it, and had fired a few shots into the sand bank down near the river last Sunday. It was in perfect shape. And it was her gun, registered in her name, just as the car and the house were in her name.

He looked at the note which lay on the table by the window, and picking it up, sat down again in the big chair. It was perfect. "Dear George—I can't go on living like this—you know how much I love him, and as long as we are alive, we are apart and the only real freedom is this way which I have decided to take. Please don't feel too badly, I know you never really loved me." And it was signed, "Irene". In her own handwriting on plain typing paper, neatly folded. It had won her first prize in the game that night in California. It would win him first prize—tonight.

He looked at his watch. It was ten-twenty. About a half-hour longer to wait. Then he would be free. Irene had gone to a meeting of her club, and would be back at eleven. He knew she would be, because he had heard her tell Fred over the phone to meet her at the house at eleven. By now, he, George, was supposed to be in New York. She had driven him to the station at eight o'clock, and had seen him off on the train. What she hadn't seen was him jumping off the rear platform and running back to within a block of the station, and getting a cab. She hadn't heard him climb the trellis up to his open room window and she hadn't heard him lift the receiver off the hook when she had called Fred. Three different weeks he had done this very same thing but she had never called Fred until tonight. She had never known he was in the house—he had climbed out the same way he had come in, and had spent each morning at Jean's apartment in Oldton, eleven miles way, and had caught the train there each night to get back to town on schedule. It had finally paid off. According to plan. He smiled again as he put the note back on the table. Two hours from now, he would actually be in New York, and they would call him at his hotel to tell him about the—tragedy. The timing would be perfect—by car they would be in New York only an hour and a half after the train was due, and he had spent that time "at Louie's Bar and Grill, having a couple of drinks." He had paid Louie just enough to be faithful to him, but not enough to make him curious. The alibi was perfect. Check.

Fred would be here at a quarter to eleven. He had fixed that, too. Jean was a pretty good mimic, and had listened to records of Irene's voice that Irene and he had made when they were at a carnival one time. Jean had it down perfect-

ly. The telephone conversation was the finishing touch and he had told Jean—from the telephone booth of a faraway drugstore—just what Irene had said to Fred, and how Fred had answered. The rest was easy. Jean had called Fred shortly after Irene had talked with him, and had told him to come at ten-forty-five instead of eleven, to—"sort of get things ready for me, dear—I'd so like a drink on the table waiting for me when I come home . . ." Fred had swallowed it, beautifully, and had jumped at the chance of getting things "ready" for Irene.

Here again, timing was important. Irene would be prompt, and so would Fred and there would be only fifteen minutes between their respective deaths—close enough to make it look like a perfect double suicide. By the next morning when they found the bodies, no coroner could tell fifteen minute's difference in their deaths from ten or five. It would be nicer to kill them separately, he wouldn't have to hurry—he could be slow, careful, and do it according to plan. The bodies had to be found just so. It had to look real. He could see the expression on Irene's face when she saw him there, and Fred. He wondered if she would plead for her life, if she would cry, or throw herself at his feet, or would she tell him he couldn't get away with it? He smiled. He was going to get away with it. He planned it that way. This was the perfect crime. Chance could do its damndest. He was ready.

The door was opening in the front hall and he leaped up from the chair, suddenly breathing hard. It was Fred. He could see his face through the crack in the door. He went out to the kitchen, and returned presently with two bottles in his hand. Fred certainly knew his way around the house, George thought. Now he was at the living room door, and was turning on the light by the divan. George crept softly out of the den across the hall, gripping the miniature gun tightly in his righthand. Suddenly Fred wheeled around, and saw George creeping toward him. George straightened, and smiled. "Surprised?" he said. Fred grew suddenly white, and just stood there. His lips moved twice before words came out.

"But I-I thought you . . ."

"Yeh. But I'm not. I'm sorry it has to be this way, Fred—I got nothing against you. You can blame my sweet little wife—when you see her again."

He let him have it three times in the chest, and Fred fell crashing to the floor. He rolled over, tried once to get up, then lay still. George went over to the body, and looked at it for a minute. Then slowly he put the gun in his pocket, and dragged the body over to the divan, and propped it up against the edge. He looked back along the floor. No blood stains yet. They would form just where he wanted them to. Irene would be sitting in the chair, with one little hole in the side of her head when they found them. He would get her as she came in the door. It would be quick and clean that way.

It was five minutes to eleven when he looked at his watch. Five more minutes and he would be all clear. Jean would call at exactly eleven-ten, to check, and then she would pick him up by the river and they'd be in New York by two o'clock. He checked Fred's body again. Perfect. He went to stand by the door. Any second now. Five minutes dragged by. He smoked a cigarette then ran to the den and frantically dumped the ashtray he had used into his coat pocket. Cold sweat broke out on his forehead as he thought how near he had come to slipping. God! That was close. Where the hell was she? Ten after eleven. Five more minutes pounded past, and he butted out a third cigarette in his pocket. The telephone rang. Jean.

He ran to the den and yanked the receiver off the hook.

"Hello," he said.

It was a man's voice. It said, "Is this Mr. Pierce?" Before he could stop it, it had gotten past his lips. "Yes," he gasped. It was done. The slip . . . the one chance he hadn't counted on. But maybe it would be all right . . . maybe . . . The voice was talking on . . . "She's been in an accident. Crashed into a truck. I'm sorry, Mr. Pierce . . . she's dead."

He dropped the phone, and sweat rolled off his forehead and fell on his shirt front. He could still hear the voice . . .

"Hello? Hello?" it was saying.

— *George Burgess*



City Rain, Worcester

TOM KANE

THE WAKE

Sweetness surrounds me
And peace is here, too.
People speak with forced love,
Hate lying coldly on their hearts;
But even hate may weep,
A truth I've learned this night.

Come to me slowly, warmth,
(I feel it creeping carefully)
Coolness sets me apart now,
Makes of talking and weeping
A murmur which does not disturb.
Oh death, be gentle. Life was not.

— *Doris Abramson*

Kind of Sacred

I turned into the street. Somehow, for some reason, the night scared me. I thought the stars were too bright and the sky was too clear, and I didn't like the wind howling through the trees. Not at all. Not that I was cold, you understand. I just didn't like the noise. I never liked the sound of wind. Besides, I felt groggy. I felt—I don't know—like there was a fog inside my head. It was kind of funny, too—I mean my feeling that way, thinking about the fog in my head and knowing damn' well it wasn't anything new. Hell, you could ask Harry about it. He's the night-clerk at the Paxton. He's seen me more than once when I was foggy. This wasn't the first time.

I passed by the last store in the block and started down Pleasant. I could still feel the fog, but things were coming a little clearer. I began to remember. . . I could see Harry good now. I could see him sitting behind the night desk. He was holding a newspaper in front of his face real close—like he needed glasses. I guess he must have heard me coming, 'cause he looked up over the paper. His face hadn't changed. He still had plenty of wrinkles, and his eyes were just as small and red as ever.

"Yessir, he ought to get glasses," I mumbled. But he didn't hear me.

"Whatja say?" he said. Then he looked at me real close. "Jim!" he said. "So you're back again."

He didn't sound like he was asking me any questions, so I didn't answer him. He just gave me my regular key and I went upstairs.

I kind of thought maybe he was smiling at me as I went upstairs, but I wasn't sure. Anyway, I didn't turn around to see.

Well, I don't remember much about what happened after I got in the room. I know I took the bottle out of my overcoat and set it on the dresser. And I got a glass out of the bathroom. Say, if Harry was smiling at me, maybe it's because he saw the bottle. I didn't think about that before. And besides, as I already said, I don't know if he smiled or not, 'cause I didn't turn around to see. As I was saying, after I got the glass out of the bathroom, I don't remember much what happened. Except that I started drinking.

I know a long time must have passed, 'cause when I got up there was two bottles on the dresser and maybe three or four next to the bed. I counted them, but I don't remember now if there was five all told—or six. Maybe there was only four. Anyway, I stood in front of the dresser for a couple of minutes and

looked in the mirror. I couldn't see myself very good. That's when I started to get dressed.

As I went downstairs, Harry looked up over his newspaper at me—like he was expecting me. He didn't smile, though: I looked. I slapped ten bucks on the desk and then I headed for the door.

"See ya again sometime, Jim," he said, just before I reached the door. I didn't turn around, but I don't think he was smiling.

Anyhow, that's when I turned into the street. As I said, I was walking down Pleasant. Then, all of a sudden like, I thought about Anna. I couldn't be sure this time that she was waiting for me. She said she wouldn't—not again.

I remember the last time. "Not again, I won't!" she screamed, kind of crying and laughing all at once. "This is the last straw, Jim Bannon," she said.

Yessir, I remember the last time real good. She said I wasn't worth worrying about any more—always wondering if I was coming home. I remember the way she looked at me; her eyes were all screwed up like little black dots sort of, and her face was awful white. She looked like she hadn't slept for a long time. I was kind of scared at the way she looked.

"Jim Bannon," she said, "I been puttin' up with this for eight years now, and I ain't going to put up with it no more."

I must of looked surprised, 'cause she said, "And don't go lookin' at me like that, Jim Bannon. This ain't nothing new. You've heard it before. Only this time is the last time, Jim Bannon, do y'hear?"

Then she started to cry. "The next time when you come home, I won't be here," she said.

It was awful quiet for a minute. I didn't know what to say, so I just stood there and watched her crying. Then she said real soft—like she was tired and couldn't cry any more: "Not again, I won't, Jim Bannon," she said. "Not again, I won't."

After that we never talked about it. Both of us kind of forgot it. Except every so often she'd screw up her eyes and look at me kind of funny, and I knew what she was thinking. I didn't like to think about the next time myself, but when she looked at me like that I couldn't help it. I didn't like to think about coming home and not finding her there: I needed her too much for that.

That's what I was saying to myself as I walked down Pleasant. My head wasn't so groggy any more—like the fog was gone all of a sudden. Then I saw the house. I was afraid to look. I couldn't be sure that this time she was waiting for me. I guessed I couldn't be sure of anything any more.

Then all at once—kind of tired-like and afraid—I looked up. There was a light burning in the kitchen.

"Oh, Anna, Anna," I breathed.

—Rockey





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The Real People

Mrs. Partridge dusted the small mahogany table by the window, rearranging at the same time the pile of magazines on the table top, and the newspapers, folded in quarters, on the shelf beneath. She swept the cloth over the top, and even ran it down the legs, where the dust was apt to gather in the grooves formed by the ornamentations, although the exertion of bending over made her breath a little faster. It was this heightened breathing which brought with it a sense of something accomplished, and she crossed the room and sat down in the rocker.

Sitting there, with her elbows on the arms of the chair, the dustcloth dangling from one of her outstretched hands, she felt much more like herself, as she always seemed to feel after some exertion. There was something about the breathing and the quickening of the blood which suspended the dream for a little. It was a dream through which Mrs. Roberts moved when she brought the breakfast up from downstairs in the morning. Coaxing and cajoling as if she were afraid the breakfast would go to waste, Mrs. Roberts was an interruption. How foolish! And yet, when the dishes had been removed, Mrs. Partridge could lie back comfortably for an hour before getting up, and contemplate the sunbeams dappling the wall opposite the bed, and the dream would re-assert itself.

And the figures in the dream. . . Mrs. Partridge could not always be sure that it was a dream, after all. Margaret would be there, and her son Robert. There were not many grandsons like him, so tall and so well knit. He would be a fine man.

And yet, sometimes Margaret wore the white silk dress she had worn at the graduation so many years ago. Mrs. Partridge smoothed her white hair with a small, wrinkled hand. How many years was it, she wondered. Before the great war? It seemed so. Mrs. Partridge did not understand how Robert could be standing there too, if his mother wore the graduation dress.

Still, it was nice to have them both there, she decided, even if Margaret did persist in wearing the white silk. Mrs. Partridge intended to ask Margaret about it, but she never did. She never said anything, as a matter of fact, nor did Margaret or Robert. It was enough to have them there. It was enough to feel their presence, and Mrs. Partridge could be happy.

As for Fred, he had died so long ago that Mrs. Partridge scarcely thought of him. His letters, it was true, were still in the small metal box she kept on the window sill. But after all, he had died when Margaret was little, and so many things had happened since. Mrs. Partridge could remember with great calmness now the rooming house after Fred had died, the beds to be made,

the cooking to be done, and Margaret growing up rapidly. Fred had missed all that, and after the first despair, when she was still young, Mrs. Partridge could somehow blame him for that sudden departure. Fred had missed all the trouble with Margaret's husband, she recollected. Perhaps it was a good thing at that. Fred would never have stood for that man. He had left Margaret not long after Robert had been born, and had died shortly afterward. There had been the letter from the authorities in California about the funeral expenses. How much alike had the fate of two generations been, she mused; Fred, a good, kind man, dying such an untimely death, and then Margaret's husband, too, although he was unlike Fred. And neither had lived to see his child grow up, although Margaret's husband probably would not have cared.

Mrs. Partridge thought of the long day ahead. At least, it seemed long, although after a day was gone she could not remember what particular distinction it had had in the long chain of days which had passed since she first entered the room. That was it. . . how long ago it had been Mrs. Partridge could not remember now. Faintly and indistinctly the memory of the accident persisted, intruding itself upon her consciousness in moments like this. Margaret and Robert, both of them. They had been ill a long time. Yes. She could remember that. But afterward? There was something unanswered. Something like a soft curtain between now and what had happened then.

But they were both with her now, thought Mrs. Partridge, and that was all that mattered. During the hour in bed after Mrs. Roberts had brought the breakfast, and while Mrs. Partridge was still very sleepy, or even at night, when Mrs. Roberts drew the blinds, and Mrs. Partridge was very sleepy again, they came, and she felt their presence. Robert had not kissed her for a long time, she remembered anxiously, but she supposed he would have been embarrassed. Young men were like that, and she did not blame him.

Mrs. Partridge rose, and adjusted her white hair before the mirror hanging on the wall over the bed. She walked slowly back across the room, and sat down again, this time in the high backed chair she liked to have placed facing the window. The snow had almost gone from the ground she noticed, and she could feel the warmth of the sun as it streamed through the window.

Another spring soon, she thought, and how lovely. Even old bones like hers could rejoice in a little warmth, and the freshness of budding leaves. In weather like this she could remember far back beyond Margaret and Robert, and even Fred. She remembered the trees along the river road at home. Why, Jonathan Seers had dared to hold her hand once under those same trees, while the horse stood between the buggy shafts and cropped the thick river grass.

She thought back on the good times at the parsonage. A minister's daughter. . . well, one could enjoy that, too. She remembered her father there, so imperturbable and so capable.

Reaching into the metal box, she took out and laid aside the bundle of letters Fred had written, and which she had saved and tied together so carefully. It must have been very long ago, she thought, for the envelopes were touched with pale yellow, the color of dead leaves. Ah, here was the paper. She read in her father's handwriting: "Luther Simpson, aged 18, coal miner, and Emily Rutherford, aged 16, June 1, 1877. Advised against this marriage for the present. Urged that the couple wait until the prospective groom achieves greater financial security, and until both achieve some maturity. Performed the ceremony". Mrs. Partridge saw her own name signed among those of the other witnesses. Well, there were things like that, and how typical of her father to add the note.

And Fred, he was probably learning telegraphy at the town up the river then, she thought.

Men and women, she thought, real and unreal, like Margaret and Robert now. Where were they, and how long since she had seen them last?

The sun came warmly through the window glass, and Mrs. Partridge dozed. And presently she did not feel the warmth, nor did she hear Mrs. Roberts enter the room with the dinner tray.

—*Carroll F. Robbins*

WINTER FRAGMENT

Would that I could call back
The time of a morsel of snow,
Create the throbbing heart, the sighing spirit
Lonesome in the groaning, burdened branch.

—*Ted Blank*

A CHILD GOES HOME AT NIGHT

I walked the dark and lonely street.
Behind me stalked some stranger's feet.
And as I held my breath from fear,
Those steps grew louder in my ear;
With tip-toe hesitance of care,
Yet, right behind me, always there.
I whistled low and sang a bit,
And walked slow where the lamps were lit,
So friends might see if I were caught
By some night-fiend with brain distraught.
I heard the feet of more than one,
And desperate, began to run. . .
And raced it to my very door. . .
Then, when I whirled myself around,
The thing leaped at me with a bound!
I screamed. . . ! He woofed and licked my face.

—*Shirley-Marie Dunn*



Winter Scene

Bill Tague

Fate and Nero Spencer

It was just noon by the old pendulum clock that hung on the wall at the far end of Nero's cafe. A whistle blew in the distance, and Nero knew that in a few minutes the factory workers would be in for their usual orders. The little cafe owner had gotten ready for them again today, frying onions, placing the hamburger patties in a neat pile beside the grill, making sure that the two large coffee urns were filled with the fragrant liquid. Besides the aroma of prepared food, the place smelled of anticipation. Nero was pacing back and forth behind the long counter.

"In just a few minutes", he said to himself, "there will be a crowd of men in here eager for food and in a hurry to be served. I got no waitress, no waiter, again to-day I will lose customers who can not be patient. What a life! What a business!"

Nero suffered through the lunch hour. He fried and served and generally did the best he could, but true to his prediction, some of the men had to walk out hungry. Nero could see his business slumping, just as he slumped after the men had gone and he was left to himself.

For five minutes he stayed in one position, lost in despair, hearing and seeing nothing that went on around him. When he lifted his head, he sighed, and there in front of his sigh on the adjoining stool sat a pretty little blond. To get a good picture of Nita Djynski one should imagine golden blond hair, long, and in a page-boy style curl at the ends. Her features were soft, and she had a dreamy look in her deep blue eyes. Nita was only five feet, three inches tall, but no one would notice that, for her build was perfection itself. Wide smooth shoulders, high breasts, narrow waist and ankles, even old Nero took a long look at her before he spoke.

"Oh, miss, I'm so sorry to keep you waiting. I guess I didn't hear you come in." Nero wiped his hands on his apron and hurried around to the serving side of the counter. "Now, miss, what will you have?"

"A cup of coffee, I guess," said Nita. "But what I am really looking for is a job. I don't suppose that you need anyone, do you?"

Nero fell back against the grill and burned his hand. Fate sent her, Nero thought. Just when he needed help most, in walked a beautiful young girl asking for work. What else could it be but Fate? Nero leaned back against the sandboard, breathing through his nose contentedly. He found out that Nita was formerly employed by Neeper's Drug Store, but that she had been fired because she was too slow. As he talked to her, he gathered the impression that she was an honest girl, so slow or not slow, it was better to hire her than to lose all his business. Thus Nita Djynski came into the employ of Nero Spencer as waitress and cashier. Nero took care of the cooking.

That first impression of Nero's, that Nita was an honest girl, proved to be true. But just as much a fact was her confession that she was slow. For the first week Nero thought that he had never seen anyone bungle so many orders, drop so many dishes, or move so slowly. By the second week he was convinced that he had not.

On Wednesday of the third week, when the place was vacant, Nero took the bit in his teeth and told her. "Nita, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but you simply have to improve. I ain't making a cent more than before you came to work here. Now, I don't wanna be hard, but if there's no improvement by Saturday, I'm gonna have to find another waitress."

Nita cried, and the large tears dropped from her dreamy blue eyes, falling with a dull plop into the onion-soup. She sat down at the end of the counter, and for a long time she stayed there, her head cupped in her hands, and her fingers moving slowly through the long hair that had fallen about her ears.

When Nita got up, she started to work again as if nothing had been said. During the rest of the day, Nero was convinced that she had forgotten all about his admonition. When he got home that night he started to make up an advertisement for the "Help Wanted" section of the newspaper.

The next day was much the same, but on Friday, Nita stopped dropping dishes. "It's a miracle!", Nero said to himself. On Saturday, Nita became an efficient waitress, and Nero breathed a sigh of relief. The orders were coming in clearly and with no hesitation, no more dishes were dropped, there were no more mistakes at the cash register, and above all, Nita was moving quickly and deftly. That night Nero apologized to his waitress, gave her a raise of ten cents an hour, and went home to tear up the slip on which he had composed his want-ad.

From then on, Nero was in seventh heaven, Nita improved daily. By Saturday of the next week he had doubled his business, and by the time Nero had closed his doors, Nita had finished serving the last customer, cleaned up the counters, and had the money counted and totaled against the cash-register tally. Nero was amazed.

Monday something even more strange happened. The old clock against the back of the cafe wall had just struck twelve noon, the whistle sounded in the distance again, just as it did every working day, and Nero was bustling around the grill getting things ready for the impending storm of workmen. Through his plate-glass windows Nero could see five workmen leading the crowd on their way to his door. Before the men had entered, Nita called out an order.

"Five cups of coffee, three bowls of soup, two hamburgers, and a cheese-burger," she ordered.

"Wait a minute, Nita." Nero was saying, "The men haven't even ordered yet."

Just then the men pushed through the door, and when Nita had finished taking their orders, she called again.

"Five cups of coffee, three bowls of soup, two hamburgers, and a cheeseburger." Nita wiped off the counter as Nero stared at her.

For the rest of the day Nero continued to be amazed. As soon as a customer came in sight, Nita would call out an order. Without fail the person would reiterate the request. At the end of the day this seeming magic had made Nero so nervous that he could barely fit the key into the door-lock as he closed the place for the night.

This situation demanded an explanation. He called Nita to him as he finished getting ready for the next morning. She had already completed her work and was sitting at the end of the counter drinking coffee.

"Well," she explained, "When you told me that you might have to get another girl to take my place, I got to thinking. First I tried to figure out how I could get the work done faster, and it hit me that all I had to do was to move my arms and legs faster. They're what do the work, you know, Mr. Spencer." Nero slapped his forehead. "Then, when I found that that worked all right, I got to wondering how I could get the orders in faster. It came to me that if I could only tell what they were going to order before they said anything, I could be more ready to take care of them. I got to making a game of guessing what each one would have. At first I made lots of mistakes, so I concentrated more, and then I found that I could guess most every one." Nita put a little more sugar in her coffee as Nero fell back against the grill and burned his arm again.

"But, Nita," Nero breathed, leaning over the counter, "You haven't made a mistake all day."

"I've been trying real hard, Mr. Spencer."

By Saturday of the next week Nita could tell in the morning just how much business they would do during the day. She could tell when the customers would come in, what they would order, and how much they would tip her. Nero walked in a pink cloud. Never before had he seen such a waitress; never before had he done such a good business.

One afternoon as they were finishing the last of the noon-time rush, Nero left his grill and stood beside his helper behind the already cleared counter.

"Did you ever stop to think, Nita, that if you can tell what a customer wants before he orders, you might be able to tell other things that are going to happen in the future?" Nero asked.

"Say, that's an idea," said Nita. "I'll try guessing at some other things too."

The following Tuesday was a sad one for Nero Spencer. Even now, if you go into his small cafe you can see the day marked in black on his calendar. He stares at that calendar once in a while, lost in thought, but no joking comments from his few customers could get him to take it down. That was the day he lost Nita.

It was early in the morning. Nita was not due to come to the cafe until ten o'clock, but in she walked just as he had finished making the first urn of coffee. She ran around to the back of the counter and threw her arms around him.

"Oh, Mr. Spencer, I'm going to be married!"

"What!" Nero exploded, "I didn't even know that you were going with anyone."

"I'm not," Nita said happily, "But, this afternoon there is a young man with brown hair coming in for a ham sandwich. He'll flirt with me and ask if he can see me home from work. I know he is going to love me, and I already love him, so I'm going to ask him to marry me on the way home. He's going to accept, and we'll be married by eight o'clock. I've got the license all made out. Isn't it exciting!"

Nero fell against the grill again.

At three o'clock a brown haired stranger came into the cafe.

"I'll have a ham sandwich, cutie. Say, are your eyes always that blue, or is this just my lucky day?"

And so it came to pass. By six o'clock the brown haired stranger and Nita were walking out arm in arm, and nothing more has been seen of them since.

—Roger E. Halvorsen

PASSING

The men who pass me in the night
For all they pass so near
Are nameless forms on nameless ways
And I am nameless here.

They always hurry swiftly by,
Unknowing and unknown;
Then disappear into the night —
And I am here, alone.

—Elizabeth Kreiger

RETURN

It was a little thing, we know,
To rise up at the calling of our name
And walk the quiet way down to this place
To stand before them and endure
Their tortured greeting. Even to smile at them
And keep our eyes from telling of our hate.
To do this was a little thing.

But to remain,
To sink with them and arch our bodies
In a tired plunge of endless falling.
Then to hear the slamming of a door,
And see the ghosts we loved
Fade into weeping.
This is no little thing.

To watch with them the drifting swallows
Flutter into death.
To turn and twist wan mouths
Into a feeble kiss.
To know, at last, this house
We built of lies
Is shattered when we speak.

—*David Buckley*

"WHAT MAKES PILBEY RUN?"

or

"A MILD GARDEN OF CURSES"

or

"TO BE OR NOT PILBEY"

or

"I THINK, THEREFORE I AM NOT PILBEY"

or

"THE ONE WITH NO HEAD IS PILBEY"

Pilbey heard the alarm. He could have choked; it interrupted his only vicarious pleasure,—dreaming. 7:03. Yawn. Such action represented the acme of his daily physical exertion.

Again yawn. Crawl. Yaap.

Shave. Deplored shaving. Bothersome. But once Pilbey got the lather on his face, there was no stopping him. He *reeled* in it.

It was winnowed ecstasy playing squush—squush with bushy brush, covered bubbly-foaming suds and—*flobbing* all over face. Brush squush. Sensuous Pleasure. Ooooh!

But now the razor. *Drama!* Slide and scrape. Glide down, over, over the edges, up. Yunk. He cut himself.

Quick Pilbey, the styptic! Apply delicately. Sting! Now spread the powder scientifically and now aesthetically.—"Ah, smooth; touchworthy; mmm, Adonais personified."

Pilbey the barber, surgeon and *art conniosseur* emerges from the wash room!

He dressed as though an efficiency expert had taught him.—Left sock, right sock, and then not changing position—right shoe, left shoe. Fresh white shirt. Clip on bow tie,—it lent *dash* to his stalwart personality. Add black trousers, vest and *brown* jacket. Style king.

So to breakfast. Yah! "Bit late this morning." 7:24.

As he entered the hallway, Pilbey artistically flipped on the automatic victrola, his investment pride. It sounded the "Minute Waltz". "Nothing like *pacing* yourself in the morning."

But change of mood.—Pilbey the symphonic conductor glided to his podium—the kitchen table.

Orange squeezer quickly oozed a *potent* acetic pick-me-up; then to the cookie-box. Sweet tooth. Satiated by four fig Newtons first thing each day. Good, —"yum-worthy".

Back to victrola—off! 7:28. The "Minute Waltz" had whirled four times. Out the door. The cold hit his freshly shaven face like an indulgent father's slap.

Down-street. Yap. Pleasant sight. Every scene on this block made him feel right at home. Twelve years. Yump. Ducking under the low branch, the zig-zag sidewalk crack, the grade, all were well ordered in his tools of thought. He drank in each shrub outline, re-memorized the angles of the bungalows; such gave him material pictures, enough to carry him through another day of "empiric rationalistic endeavor" as a *bookkeeper* in "Peregrinators, Inc."

Now for some *constructive* thinking. "Yes, sure enough, well yup, pretty, in the groove, I'm here, wonderful, yup!"

Bus stop reached 7:30. Wait. Hum. Jum.

Mrs. Flossom sidled up. He hated her. She was always pulling her rank. Pilbey cleverly thought she had a lot of it. Essence of putrescence. Forsooth, each morning she greeted him, mouthed lofty nothings and took the same bus to Hartford. He wished she'd take it to Moscow.

"How are you, Mr. Pilbey. How *are* you? Proserpine's long in hiding this winter; I'm glad she has the Snow Queen with her though. But look at the malapertness of those children! They certainly aren't as well disciplined as *we* were!"

"Yes", said Pilbey stoically, "no doubt they're paroled juvenile delinquents." —Ah the bus, the bus; I hope they've fired that laggard running the treadmill under the hood. I don't want to listen to this drivel for long. (Pilbey had drivel of *his own* to contemplate.)

They both stepped on the bus. Luckily Mrs. Flossom spied another dowager, equally interested in her life-work as curator in City History Museum. Pilbey wished they'd both climb in the *mummy cases* and live down town.

Yah! and so the bus ride to the centre alone. He'd given up long ago his practice of translating the ads into high school Spanish. They were just as trite in both languages.

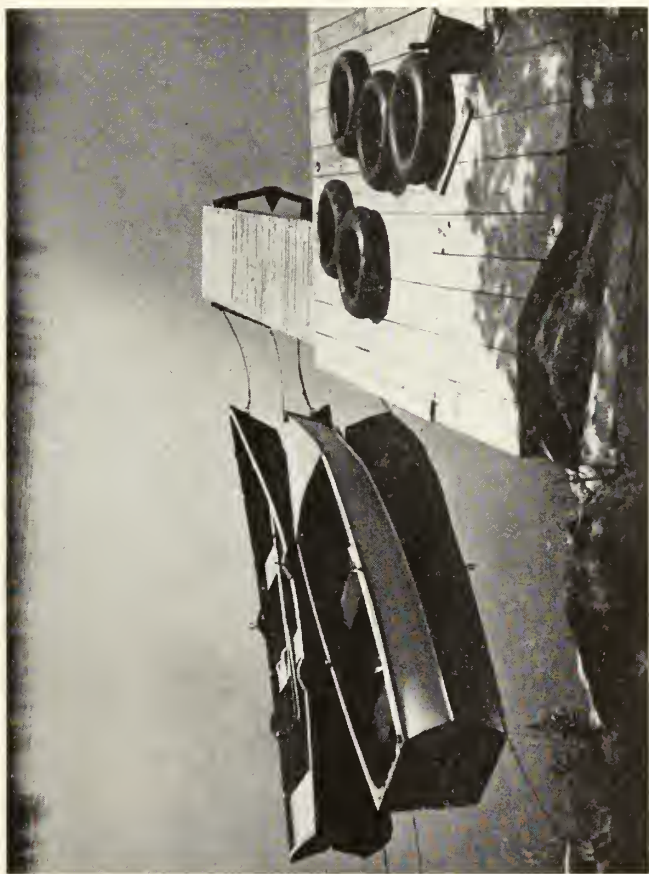
Just sit back. So on. Rumble. Shake, rattle. Two dopes ogling one another. Yah! Phiz, phiz, yunk, more tired.—7:03. Varied temperament. Morning bright. Yes, Hap, indeed. Hmm, yes, thoughts jummed. Hap, yes, Jum. Sure. Buzzle. Smuz.

Off, walk, walk, bookkeeping, Peregrinators, cross, cross, in, in, in. 8:00. Day.

What men or plods are these?

—John Gregory Fruin

Note: Mr. Fruin is now a member of the graduate school. This bit of surrealism is printed as a guest article.



Peter Wolff

Chiaroscuro

VETERAN

Across the land in countless mutilated places
He stands with legs apart and stiff
And palms pressed close against his foreign brow
To wonder what has gone before: these faces
That he knew are ripe with mental syph
And clap and smell of disinfectant now

They question him with calmly sterile stare

The manifesto of his sin is purposely contrite
This is a foreign land and he is lost
Apology for action or for word unsaid despite
Anticipation is not at any cost
Contrived nor is it simple in its present form
For he cannot forget these faces that he knew
Nor wonder what has gone before: the storm
Of it has passed without a single clue

And left him hanging onto anywhere

How can he describe the perfect vomit on his tongue
The dirt he scratches from his scalp and skin
Such description could not typify the young
And soured mind that nourishes the sin

They cannot taste the sickness on their lips
Or spit unsmiling on his blistered hand
They only smell the stench of foreign ships
That brought him back to this foreign land

—Rockey

Rehab

It was in a small hotel in Baltimore. Room 513 was complete in every common detail. The iron bed, the worn red carpet, the over-stuffed chair were all in their places. The paper beneath the glass-topped desk said, "Six P.M. is when your day ends". Then what? Joe was broke, disillusioned, didn't have a penny or a God. He was struggling to stay on earth, as a weed fights to retain its slender hold in sandy soil during a wind-storm. It had all begun when the Army awarded him the Purple Heart with metal claw.

Before then, Joe had been full of ideals. "It's the patriotic duty of every able-bodied man to fight for the glory of his country, to protect the weak and oppressed, to avenge the innocent." These thoughts and many more filled his mind. That's what he had enlisted for, that's what he thought he would fight for. It didn't take many "88's" or much snow or lots of cold weather and freezing mud to drive a realistic wedge into his thinking.

"Well, I asked for it. Might just as well do the best I can now." His thoughts now were quite rational. Gripping wouldn't do any good now, not with the "Nebelwerfers" flying through the air.

Joe hadn't expected this. It couldn't have happened to him, but it had. No cheering puppets, no chestfuls of ribbons had been awarded him, just a plastic toy with which Rehab had said anything could be done. You can make love to your girl, you can go back to your job in the factory on the lathe, you can still curl loving hooks around your beers.

Joe had taken his discharge with the words of the medical propagandists ringing in his ears. His girl was there, his lathe was there, his beers were there, but a curtain made of wires and leather braces separated them. Rehabilitation? The shot glass was easier to handle, and the whore too. His bank account slowly moved into the red, the bonuses that his admiring throng willingly gave him were a pittance. The last of it all went for his hotel room and one last drunk.

His belly began to roar and rumble and groan in answer to the seven crowns that he had poured into it with the last few dollars he had had. One and one-half hours until the end of his day. Joe walked over to the window and looked down.

"I wonder if it would be hard. If I were drunk . . . but then, where am I going to get the money? Supposing I did jump . . . then what? A life in Hell stoking the fires for eternity? Or will my pure, sweet, simple soul wander around for a million years looking for another fertilized egg to haunt and miserize? Or will everything stop like an unwound watch? Perhaps God will be kind and see that I'm better off dead than alive. Yeah! Me and Harpo Marx. Christ I can't even carry a tune. Me an angel . . . better should I be dead."

Joe walked over to the empty bottle beside the bed and tipped a very empty fifth into his mouth. A few drops of alcoholic fumes trickled down his throat . . . taunting, tantalizing.

He threw the empty bottle in the general direction of the waste basket. Cursing, he threw himself on the rumpled bed.

His folks had been prepared for his homecoming. First came the telegram, then after a while, a long letter on Red Cross stationery written in a feminine hand. They had visited him in the state-side hospital near their home while he was learning to weave baskets and brush his teeth. Peg hadn't been to see him. That was the way he had wanted it.

The phone had slipped from the claw as he had dialed Peg's number with his other hand. Cursing, he had picked it up.

Joe had whistled as he walked quickly down the shady street. "Jesus, but it'll be good. She's probably prettier now than she was when I left. I don't think this arm will make any difference with her. Damn, but she's nice."

When Joe had thrown his arms around her in the dimly lighted hallway, he had felt her stiffen when the claw touched her. He had thought then that she would get used to it, but later on, he would find her staring at the "thing", and looking up embarrassedly when he raised his voice.

"It's better she did what she did at the beginning," Joe thought. "It kinda brought me to my senses in a hurry. Nobody wants a cripple in bed with her."

Joe got up and walked over to the window again.

The officer wrote down in his book, "Suicide. Caused by fall from hotel window. Time of death—Six P.M."

—*Jack Sims*

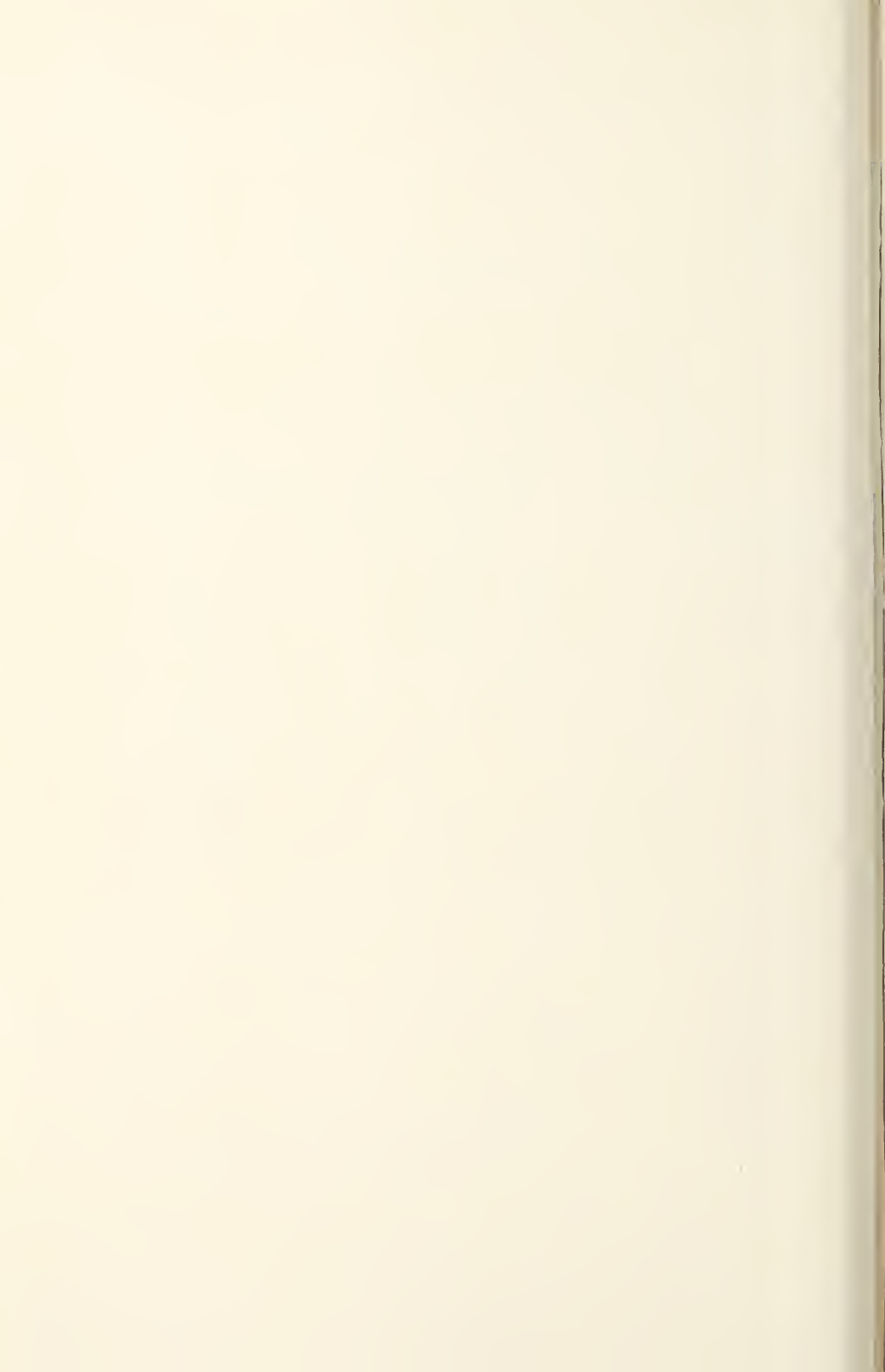
DANIEL

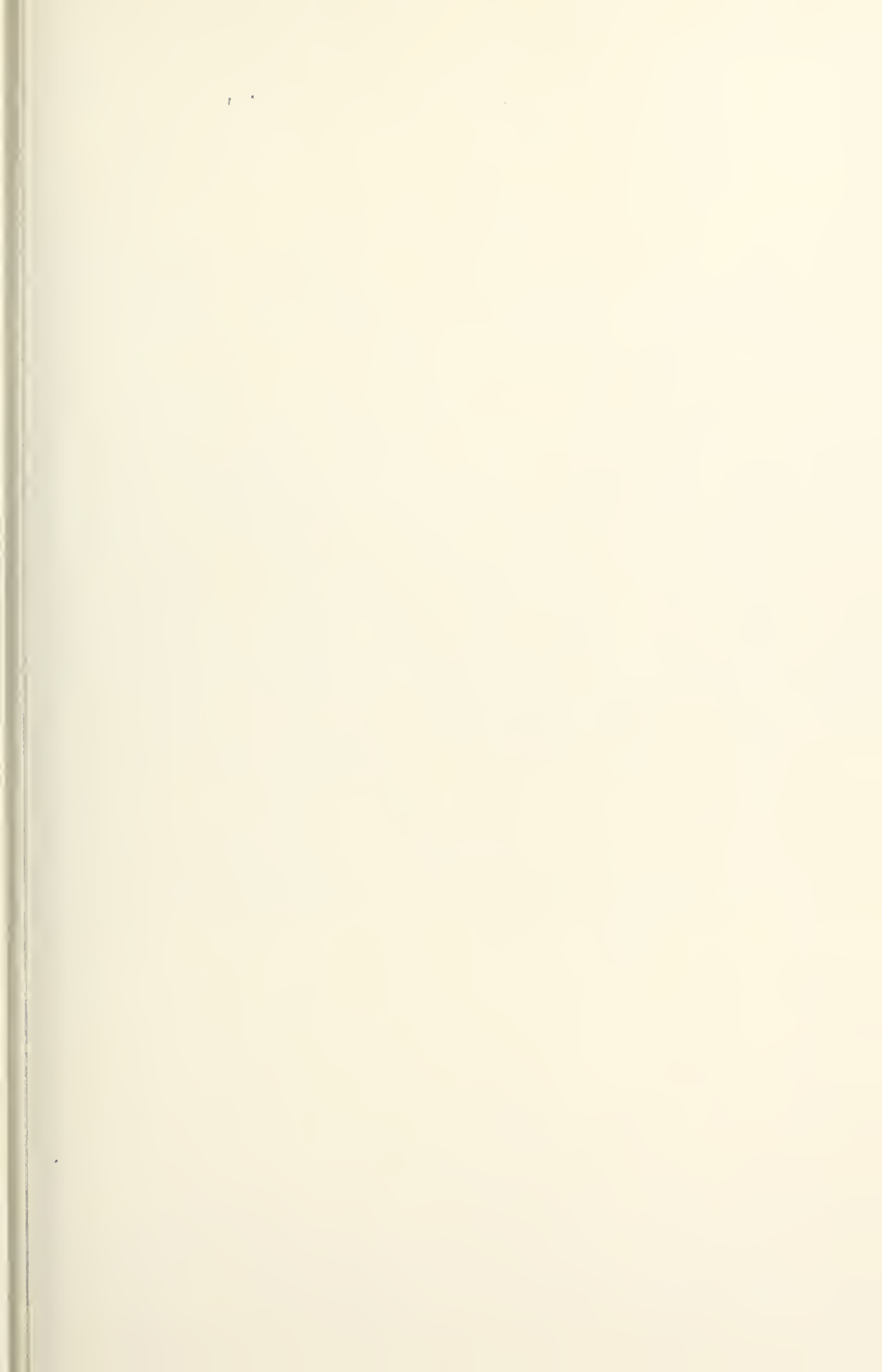
Son of John and brother of Charlotte,
Tall and lean with a young tree's leanness
(Depicting nothing more startling than youth),
Choked by the weeds that grow
In minds and at the sides of roads,
He lived and waited in Massachusetts hills.

The house was home for two, not three.
Daniel walked the woods alone
And in their silence found his way
To smiling. But he could not speak.
There seemed so little use for voice
He dreaded asking even daily bread.

If anyone knows, the trees know
Why he stayed away. The moss knows,
The damp moss, and the pond
Where the cold, silent body lay.

—*Doris Abramson*









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The Soap With A Heart

By Peter Doe

SCENE I

CHARACTERS:

BOB CARNES—A disabled sailor.
CHICK MURPHY—A radio press agent.
DR. DUVEN—Doctor on staff of Naval hospital.
HARRY VON WILSON—Radio announcer.
MRS. CARNES—Bob's mother.
MR. CARNES—His father.
LOUISE—His fiancée.
5 Technicians
2 Hospital Corpsmen
2 Radio Voices

SETTING—*A Naval Hospital in California. The stage is set so that a third of the stage, to the right, forms a corridor. A portion sets the rest of the stage to form a private hospital room. The room is a typical hospital room, devoid of any color but white, and sparsely furnished. A recorded program is heard, faintly, from a radio beside the bed. A youth is lying motionless in the bed. Outside the door, two men are standing in the corridor. One, a man of about thirty, is dressed in the dress whites of a Lieutenant, Senior Grade. The other, a man of about twenty-five, is dressed in civilian clothes, loud and yet expensive. As the curtain rises, he is speaking.*

MUR.—But I tell you, Doc, it's O.K. The Navy Department gave us the go-sign, so you're covered. We're giving the kid a break.

DR.—Mr. Murphy, it isn't that I have any objections. But you must realize this boy's condition. I only took over his case yesterday, but I've checked his record completely. He's completely paralyzed from the neck down. Do you understand—from his neck down he can't move a muscle. He's been lying in that bed for two years now, and will probably continue to do so for the rest of his life. His mental attitude isn't too difficult to imagine—we must be careful of any further shock to his nervous system.

MUR.—I tell you, Doc, it's the greatest thing could happen to the kid. It's what you sawbones call psychotherapy. *(He reaches for the doorknob. The doctor holds him back as he starts to enter).*

DR.—Tell me, Mr. Murphy, just what is the idea of this production of yours?

MUR.—It'll be sensational, Doc. Sudsie soap is gonna bring a little bit of old Kentuck' to California. The show is aired from New York. Ralph Edmonds, our M.C. tells about the kid—we switch the show to here and

he and the kid talk—then we swing to Big Boulder, Kentucky. We have the kid talk to all his old buddies and high school teachers—you know, all the local characters. We even got a few minutes in the local church—Christmas Carols, the minister, the works. A three-way conversation, all the parties separated by a couple of thousand miles, and it's just like we were all in one room. Ain't radio wonderful?

DR.—How about the family?

MUR.—That's the pay-off. The finale that grips the heart. From Kentucky the guy says they'll drop in on his folks. Only the folks ain't home, see. All of a sudden they burst into the room—his mother, father, and girl—right here. We let them talk—the more the better. Then we announce that Sudsie has brought them out here to spend Christmas with the kid, paid their way and their expenses for a two week stay, and on top of that, Sudsie is giving the kid a one thousand dollar War Bond as a present. Terrific, huh?

DR.—(*Sarcastically*) Sounds lovely—and so sincerely thought out.

MUR.—Knew you'd see it my way, Doc. Come on, we've only got a few minutes.

(*They enter the room. The boy turns his head slightly and smiles. The press agent walks toward him.*)

MUR.—You're about to be a radio star, kid. Think you can handle it?
The boy looks at him, bewilderedly. Just then several men appear in the corridor, carrying microphones and several switch boxes with long cords attached. One man, the announcer Von Wilson, opens the door and sticks his head into the room.

VON W.—All set, Chick?

MUR.—Right, Von. Bring 'em in.

The men enter and begin setting up their apparatus. They search for plugs and begin running wires around the room. The boy continues to stare, puzzled. He speaks.

CAR.—Hey, what's up, Doc?

DR.—(*Talking to side of bed*) Big things, big things. (*Affectionately*) And who are you—Bugs Bunny?

The press agent starts to return to the boy, but sees the doctor is talking to him in low tones, obviously explaining the situation. He lights a cigarette and joins the announcer, who is standing by a bureau, casually supervising things.

VON W.—Leave it to you, Chick, you sure picked a honey. The whole country will be in tears.

MUR.—Where's the family and girl?

VON W.—In the waiting room at the end of the hall.

MUR.—How they feeling?

VON W.—The mother and father are naturally bewildered and excited. We got

them here fast. But the girl's the worst. I guess she just started to realize what it's like to be engaged to a hopeless cripple. She can't back out of it now—not with the whole country listening. But what the hell would she want to marry him for now?

MUR.—(*With shrug*) I dunno. What's the diff. The kid gets the big break; we sell Sudsie Soap. Everybody's happy—why worry about tomorrow.

The technicians have completed their work and taken their stations at the various pieces of apparatus. The doctor has finished talking to the boy and is standing at the window, staring out absently. One of the men at a control box speaks.

TECH—Mr. Von Wilson, we're on in a minute.

VON W.—O.K. Chris. And for Chrissake, Chick, keep it quiet during the commercial. And keep the family and girl standing by.

The announcer stands there, gazing at his watch. The room is silent, each person has his eyes on the announcer as he raises his hand as though to signal. That is, all but the doctor. As the announcer's arm comes down, the radio blasts out—

VOICE—The Sudsie Soap Program

Singing Quartet—

S U D S I E

S U D S I E

Sudsie in the sink,

Sudsie in the pan,

If other soaps can't do it,

Sudsie always can.

VOICE—(*Cultured and smooth, with a warmth generated only by radio masters of ceremonies.*) Tonight, as a departure from our usual quiz program, your old Quizmaster, Ralph Edmonds, and the makers of Sudsie Soap would like to bring you a different type of Christmas Eve show. The war may be over for most of us, but for many of our heroes it is far from over. Sudsie, like all of America, would like to show these boys, who gave their all that we might live in peace and enjoy the blessings of democracy, that we have not forgotten them. And so tonight we are spending Christmas Eve with one of these boys, and—

The curtain falls on Scene I

SCENE II

TIME: Twenty minutes later.

As the curtain rises the announcer, Von Wilson, is standing before the microphone, speaking. The sound of applause dying is heard from the radio. Dr. Duven is still standing, staring out the window idly, and apparently taking little if any interest in the proceedings. The technicians are concentrating on their

apparatus, occasionally glancing at the announcer for their cues. Murphy is leaning on the dresser, smoking a cigarette. The boy, Bob Carnes, is propped up in the bed, his head turned toward a microphone at his bedside.

VON W.—Thank you, Reverend Klein of the Big Boulder Baptist Church. And thanks to that very beautiful choir of young voices. . . Say, Bob, isn't this great?

CAR.—(*Softly*) It sure is, Mr. Von Wilson.

VON W.—Say, Bob, we've heard from just about everybody in Big Boulder except the most important ones. Doesn't Louise, the sweet girl you're engaged to, usually eat Wednesday night supper at your house?

CAR.—(*Excitedly*) Why-wh-Why, yes, she does.

VON W.—Well, what do you say if we see if Tom Baxter, our announcer in Big Boulder, can switch us over to your house for a little visit.

VOICE FROM RADIO—That's just what we're trying to do, Harry. We're standing in front of Bob's house right now, a bunch of his old friends and I, and Jeanie Miller, the little girl that sat beside him in high school, has ben ringing the bell for several minutes. I hate to be disappointing, but it looks as though there isn't anyone home.

VON W.—I wonder where they could be, Bob.

As he says this the mother, father, and fiancée enter the hospital room. The parents look about fifty-five, but show signs of having aged far too rapidly. They are dressed in what is obviously their Sunday best, though the clothes are ten years out of date and slightly worn in areas. The girl is about nineteen, attractive, loose blond hair. The three newcomers stand inside the door for several seconds. The boy looks at them speechless. They start toward him—check their steps, and then speak. All of their voices show the tension of the moment and suggests that at any minute any one of them will burst into tears.

MRS. C.—Robert, oh Robert.

MR. C.—Hiya son.

LOU.—Hello, Bob, dear.

CAR.—Merry Christmas, folks. You too, honey. (*It is evident the boy is trying to lead the conversation, but can find nothing to say. Suddenly he gazes at the announcer, hatred in his eyes. His mother by now is weeping.*) Get out, you bastards, get out. (*He is screaming now, oblivious to the microphone behind him. His voice shows the anger of his words, but there is a huskiness to his voice that shows were he not shouting, he too would be crying.*) Get out and take your goddam filthy rotten soap with you. What do you want us to do, open up our hearts to the whole damn world so you can sell . . . (*He is unable to go further, but starts sobbing in low deep sobs.*)

The others present in the room during the brief tirade are suddenly motivated to action. One of the technicians utters an oath as he realizes that in the excitement

he had neglected to cut the boy's words off. His mother rushes to the bedside and throws her arm around him. The father and girl are standing at the foot of the bed, bewildered. As general confusion reigns amongst the orderlies and technicians, the irate doctor is somewhat forcibly ejecting the press agent and announcer from the room. As they get to the corridor, the press agent turns to the announcer.

MUR.—Jesus, ain't there anyone left in the world with any gratitude in them?

Why, the young punk.

The doctor wheels on him, and with one blow, knocks the press agent to the floor. As Murphy is picking himself up we hear from the radio—

S U D S I E

S U D S I E

Sudsie in the sink,

Sudsie in the pan,

If other soaps can't do it

Sudsie always can.

CURTAIN

THE UNSEEN CRIPPLE

Twisted in time's unreeling threads

He drags his leg,

Blemished for the sight of man.

There is no help; pity is good from God only,

Courage from himself,

Nor is there in this helpless age of Wonder Balms

A Nazarene touch

To fill his withered limb.

So thank the fate that spared your leg, whose breath is kind

To limber arms; whose smile lets spines grow straight,

Ribs expand, heart beat soundly.

Live and love with all your fullness and perfection!

Forget sere pain that is God's alone to mend.

Pray to the Blessed Healer,

But keep your hand in Beauty's; your heart in the wind;

When crippled arm or helmet back intrudes, or blank eye,

Clink the cup with coin, not with fragments of brittle soul . . . And

Laugh with those who do not even look.

And yet, some cannot meet the sun with rising heart,

These with supple limbs, bodies like minarets. . . .

Within their unseen depths, their spirits,

Is a gap . . . a wrench . . . a gnarling,

Beyond the eyes of man, but quite as real as crumpled spine

And much the more wretched.

This, we cannot see, and so never feel pity's gliding tear.

Play on then, if you can . . .

And if you can, be twice blessed,

And give to heaven's tenderness those left in either shadow.

Peter Hahn



MOSLEM MERCHANT

Frank Padykula

Summer City: A Fable

In the morning the men rouse themselves early to look for the sun. But they find that it has risen before them, climbing slowly into a burning sky. For a moment they stand watching it, and then, wearily, they turn aside to prepare themselves for the new summer day.

After a time they come down out of their houses and begin their little journey into the city, riding down in the streetcars to the long cool tunnels, their bodies hunched against the open windows sucking in the dark wind which is whipped against their faces. At the intown stations they stumble out of the cars, and climb heavily up the stairways to the street to walk among the tall buildings, and turn away into the shops and factories. And the heat comes soon to cover them wholly where they work.

Beyond them, down past this centre of the city, over near the market places, near the railroad yards and the fringes of the harbor, there run the narrow streets, winding off to old and fetid places. Along the edges of these streets the houses sag, the tired houses leaning in upon their dirt, the pavements in front of them splitting, heaving upward toward the sun, the grass pushing through, seeking growth, the lots deserted, sending down the rank weeds to cover up the walks and pathways. And in all these streets, the heat coils thickly in a haze about the people, pressing hard upon their lives, dulling their minds to a slow torpor. There seems scarcely to be anywhere a life which breathes, and there is no sound save the distant wailing of a child, which breaks off and returns, blaring out strangely, and so becomes all-sound. And on the stoops the old men sit alone, and there is no one who will come and talk with them; only now and then the flies crawl quickly over their yellowed hands.

In such places, at this time, there is nothing hard or clear, no cleanness anywhere, all thing are indistinct, shapeless and heavy to the touch, unworthy to be felt, caressed, lingered over, long remembered. No sudden, bursting joys of spring, no clear sound of winter bells tolling at noon. Nor any of the sharp griefs of autumn days: no hidden leaves falling on the far wind, no face seen once, for a moment fiercely desired and forever lost, no standing on the long, long streets of dusk leading to the river with the people walking quickly away from you into the greyneess of the rain, no sudden lurching of remembering and regret. None of this now for the individual caught alone, for him only the pale, heavy longings rising and falling dully, churning slowly with no end.

And the longings burn in him. For cool rivers gliding in dark places, for trees beside the rivers, their branches choked with leaves, the wind running swiftly in them, he on his back in the tall grass looking up through the leaves to the deep sky, remembering distant seas brushing on the soft sand or breaking

on cold rock, and the cool mouths of girls laughing upward at him and waiting for a kiss. And so longing and remembering, the slow sorrow enfolding him, drifting toward sleep.

Thus each man, alone, is driven in upon himself. He grows tired and sullen, and he watches his life go dry like the caked earth. Each one apart, sitting in his little place, alone, is made to look upon the waste of his own life, and he grows afraid. Desperately he gropes about in his mind but he can find no answer, for there is no question he can put clearly. He lies upon his bed in the afternoon and he feels his life run out of him, caught up in strange currents of lost words and broken bits of song, repeating themselves in an endless pattern without meaning.

Until at last he can endure it no longer, and starting up, he rushes out of the house to seek his fellows in the street, and finding them, his torment grows less. For he can stand with them, and together they will look out upon the city, searching for escape, for something to arrest them, to turn their attention away from themselves; waiting for quick joys, for sudden thrills, for tragedy overwhelming others but leaving them unscathed. And when they talk, their words come slow, their thought is stale and thin, and they are careful always to look away from one another. In silence, then, they lean against the city's walls, watching for the night.

And yet, when the night comes, they do not know how to use it. They prowling about the streets in pain, and go and sit idly in the park, or else turn back to drink, and so forget. Later they wander fevered toward release, burning the night away in lust, turning dumbly to stare at the dawn which returns too soon.

In this manner the city moves from day to day beneath the sun. The people shuffle wearily through the phases of their living, the heat winds itself about them, pushing them back upon themselves, permitting them no escape. They know only that they are trapped, and this knowledge fills them with despair. They look at the parched earth and the fear thickens in their blood. From a great distance they think of death.

But then, one day, there is suddenly talk of rain, and word of it goes quickly through the streets, making men pause to look unbelieving at the sky. Slowly, as the clouds come together and the afternoon goes dark before sundown, a new hope stirs within them. The wind rises and moves in quick gusts across the city, bringing with it the rain-smell and the smell of the sea. The leaves rustle toward coolness, and the trees twist strangely, the veins bulging in them so that they seem not so much to rise up from the earth as to be thrust darkly into it. Then, after the thunder, the rain strikes out of the sky, fleeing swiftly across the lines of the buildings and the trees, moving in great strides before the wind, the branches lashing themselves wildly in its path, beating down into the soil turning it black and fertile. And the city, which had waited

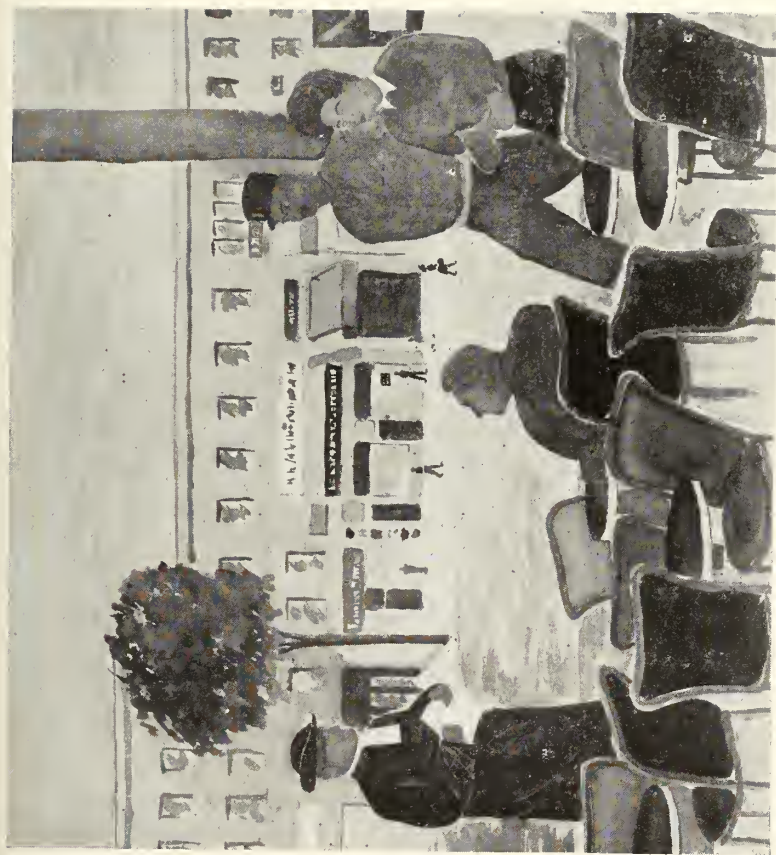
so long for this rain, becomes calm again; its tension gently leaves it like an autumn mist curling softly out of the land. And the people gather together at the windows of their homes, or in the little doorways, or under the sweeping arch of bridges, there to watch and marvel. Smiling, they turn to look at one another, and there is no need of speech. For in the new richness of the earth, and in the sudden fury of the storm, they have found escape, their gaze is outward, they know that they are saved. And once more they quicken into life.

By David Buckley

LINES ON SPRING

This northern spring is but a faint,
Fair uttering, a half restraint;
And is part and is not all —
The heart of summer is the fall
Of lonely waves on empty sands,
And gesturing palms with empty hands.

Carroll F. Robbins



PARIS STREET CAFE

William Lucey

The Plunge

Carl was taking his time finishing up his part of the job. He was part of the crew of experts the company sent out to repair the worn places in the insulation of the high-tension wires, experts that knew enough not to take chances being careless.

While Mose worked on, clinging just above him like a leech, Carl relaxed and leaned back in his safety harness, his feet braced against the steel tower. From here he could gaze in any direction way, way across the prairie to the uncertain line where the lead-colored grass blenched into the leaden sky. This was a huge, flat disk, of which he and Mose, and Tony in control of things from the truck below, were exact center. There was nothing visible to mar its huge expanse but the road with its parallel power lines measuring its diameter. He'd better get working, though, before Tony blew a gasket. He straightened up, discovered another worn part to splice where one of the wires joined its insulator on the tower. He'd have to balance here with his head between two wires for a minute or two.

Whack! His body suddenly stiffened against the steel, senseless and frozen like a part of it. Then the body collapsed in its harness, every muscle and nerve released, a helpless lump.

"Hey, Tony! Tony! Get out here!" Mose fumbled to loosen his own harness. "Carl's got a belt from the 10,000."

"My God!" Tony leapt from the truck. "How in hell did it happen?" Grimly they eased the limp frame of the man to the earth. Mose seemed in command of the situation.

"Feel the pulse, there, Tony, while I undo his harness."

"Jeez, the poor sucker. . . No! there ain't no sign of a pulse."

"Getting hung up on that wire would knock anyone into Kingdom Come. No pulse, huh? Must be a goner."

"God, man, give the guy a chance. Let's give him artificial respiration. Give him half a chance."

Tony knelt astride the crumpled body, his two hands pressed on the backs of Carl's ribs, leaning with all his force on them, then slowly letting up the pressure, leaning again, regularly as a machine.

"I'm going off in the truck for help," Mose stated.

"Don't be a fool. It'll take you hours to get over to Canyon City and back. If you wanna help, you stay here and spell me with the respiration."

"O.K., O.K." Mose sat down to await his "spell". "We were finishing up the job. Carl on the lines below me. Dropped my pliers—"

"You dropped your pliers! How'd ya do that?"

"Slipped. They swung down on the cord they're hitched to my safety belt with, and conked him on the head."

Grimly—"They must've knocked his head against one of the wires."

Time dragged its weary self along, while the two men worked over the third, time without beginning or end for Carl. Then something began to crackle and bang and spit fireworks in the back of his head. He was whirling through space somewhere—where? Fzz-z-z-z crash. His body kept lurching and beating itself against huge, unmoving obstacles. Keep away from them. He tried to move his body, but it was too heavy. The pressure of the obstacles brought a stream of clarity to him, then sent him hurtling through the black canyon again.

"Still can't feel any pulse?" Who was that voice that echoed from the end of the canyon? Ul, lull, lull, ulse, sssssss.

"Let's keep going, Mose. I've heard of guys not coming round until after about three hours of respiration. Get going. Think of poor Helen."

Helen, Helen, Helen—An image of a sweet face framed in a mass of short wavy brown hair, and grey eyes that looked steadily into his. I love you, Helen. Carl, I worry about you. Worry. Worry. . . Why worry?

"Yeah. Pretty little Helen. Might be left a widow."

That oily voice trickling into his world was bringing another image. Still Helen, he couldn't let her go. But now she was saying, Carlson, I don't like him. Worry again. Why again. Why, he's a good fellow to work with. Carl, I'll never leave you. Funny thing to say to that voice—just then. Then—then—Then what? Then the wires letting him fall, his body too heavy to hold up, floating down into the canyon.

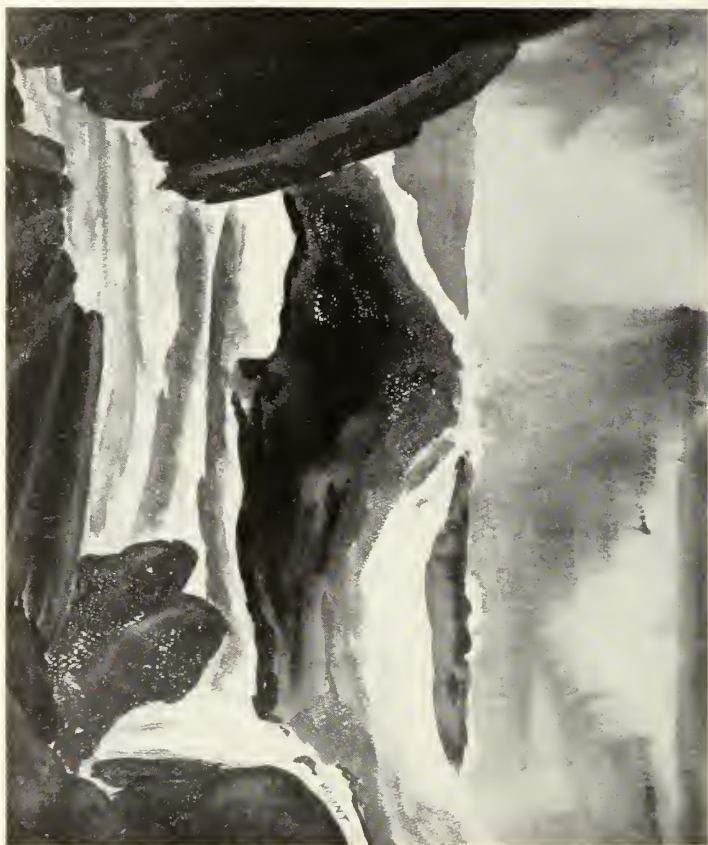
"Jeez, Tony, we've been at it over three hours now. Can't keep it up forever. Still no pulse."

No. No. No. Someone was trying to pull him out of the blackness of the hole, must be a canyon. He was almost to the edge, but they were going to leave him. He must keep them pulling at him, or he'd never get out alone, alone. He tried to move to help them pull, but his arms were too heavy.

"Listen Tony, this is hopeless. Help me load him in the back of the truck. Too bad; not a sign of life."

His body was battered against more things. Then Carl heard the grind and vibrations of a motor starting up. The streams of clarity oozed, oozed slowly away. The blackness crept in again, and spread itself. All, all over.

Jean Roberts



SEA SCOPE

Bob Mouri

TO EURYCEA
(Two-lined Salamander)

This pale mountain stream is your home
Strewn with damp-mossed stones, untouched, untamed,
Amidst dull-brass leaves long fallen from dull-brass trees
In a voiceless, little-thought-of valley.

I lift the stone and astound you:
How brilliantly you stand!
Flashing strange beauty like panther's eyes;
A stealthy sword
Dangerously charged with keen fire of the wilderness.

My heart trembling in sensitized hands, I reach
For your soft body, damp like a rain-drenched flower.
But undulating swifter than a young serpent
With a flutter and a twirl,
The darting flame of you pierces the dusky water
Is sniffed out.

Grace Li-en Lew

Afterthoughts on Hiroshima

A second reading of Mr. John Hersey's book *Hiroshima* is, if anything, more disturbing than a first. Whether it is the power which derives from Mr. Hersey's absolute simplicity of expression that lifts the reading into the realm of genuine emotional experience, or whether this elevation occurs as a result of the numerous associations which leap into almost every mind now at the mention of the term atomic bomb, it is difficult to say. It is perhaps sufficient to remark that there could not have been a better calculated marriage of style and subject matter. Had Mr. Hersey chosen another method of revealing the agony and unmitigated horror which descended upon the Japanese city after "fifteen minutes past eight in the morning, on August 6, 1945, Japanese time", it is safe to say that the effects of his writing would not have been so insidiously disturbing to the remote and removed reader. As it is, Mr. Hersey has written a first-rate horror story, and one which can not be forgotten easily. Mr. Hersey has also written something which should be required reading, a primer, as it were, of the atomic age. For out of the experience of Miss Toshiko Sasaki, or of Mrs. Nakamura on that astounding day, emerges the fact that the problem which occupies councils and commissions today is basically a matter of flesh and blood and suffering.

As for Mr. Hersey and his stand on the matter, not one specific moral conclusion is to be found in the narrative which moves so simply through the crushed buildings and the burned bodies of Hiroshima. Perhaps he does not think it necessary to state a moral when the facts speak a strong language. At any rate, Mr. Hersey's primary task is to report, and report he does—the biggest story of the war.

The reader, however, is in a less fortunate position, for, like God and religion, the bomb presents a problem with regard to which one must make a demonstration in one direction or another. That is, there can be no neutrality of opinion. The issue is too big and too vital to be ignored by the thinking man. A Catholic priest, whose report to the Holy See Mr. Hersey quotes, mentions the variety of opinion which was already noticeable among members of the foreign settlement shortly after the bombing. The conclusion of this report states the case succinctly as follows:

"It seems logical that he who supports total war in principle cannot complain of a war against civilians. The crux of the matter is whether total war in its present form is justifiable even when it serves a just purpose. Does it not have material and spiritual evil as its consequences which far exceed whatever good might result? When will our moralists give us a clear answer to this question?"



Photo by Bill Tague

STUDY

The question, as Father Siemes has suggested, is extremely complicated, because of the seeming inevitability of war itself. Similar moral and spiritual questions have arisen before in connection with war. Moreover, the feeling of relief throughout the Allied world which accompanied the Japanese offer of surrender shortly after the bombs had fallen on Hiroshima and Nagasaki must not be forgotten. Although, since the conclusion of the war, various religious organizations have condemned the decision which resulted in the use of the bombs, the wave of rejoicing at the time they were dropped was certainly genuine, and unfettered by moral and spiritual scruples. That this feeling of relief might have coincided with a spiritual release from the intrinsic ugliness of war and the spiritual waste which is part and parcel of this ugliness, is too frequently overlooked.

Whatever this sort of rationalization is permissible in relation to so great a question is again difficult to say. It is obvious, however, that the problem involves issues which are more basic than the justice or injustice of dropping two bombs, although the resulting devastation and loss of life is almost beyond comprehension. One suspects that the first use of gunpowder to propel a missile might have been viewed with the same moral distress in its own day. Certainly gunpowder has brought much misery to mankind.

The basic moral and spiritual questionings should arise, therefore, from the fact of war itself, whether war is waged totally, or whether it is directed solely against the trained armies of the enemy. As most soldiers realize, death is dying, no matter what the form or method.

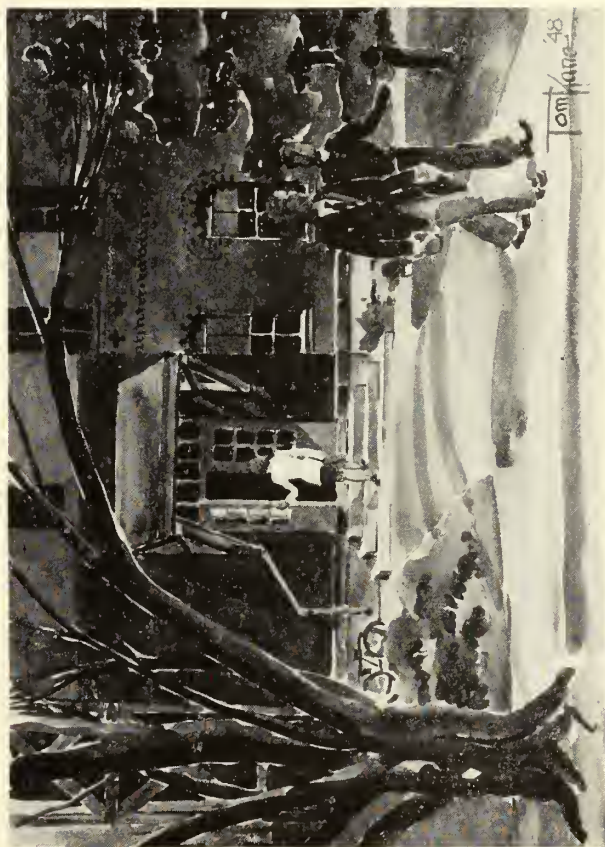
The experience of Mr. Tanimoto, a Methodist minister, during the progress of his own escape from the burning city, as related by Mr. Hersey, is significant of more than Hiroshima and the atomic blast:

"He reached down and took the woman by the hands, but her skin slipped off in huge, glove-like pieces. He was so sickened by this that he had to sit down for a moment. Then he got into the water, and, though a small man, lifted several of the men and women, who were naked, into his boat. Their backs and breasts were clammy, and he remembered what the great burns he had seen during the day had been like: yellow at first, then red and swollen, with the skin sloughed off, and finally, in the evening, suppurated and smelly."

Mr. Tanimoto was sickened to be sure, but what he saw was somehow the culmination of a social evil whose roots extend to the dimmest antiquity. He saw war.

Tashio, ten year old son of Mrs. Nakamura, summed it all up with unconscious pathos in a theme written one year after the bombing. "Next day", he wrote, "I went to Taiko Bridge and met my girl friends Kikuki and Murakami. They were looking for their mothers. But Kikuki's mother was wounded, and Murakami's mother, alas, was dead."

Carroll F. Robbins



"C—STORE"

Tom Kane

WHAT NOW MAN IS

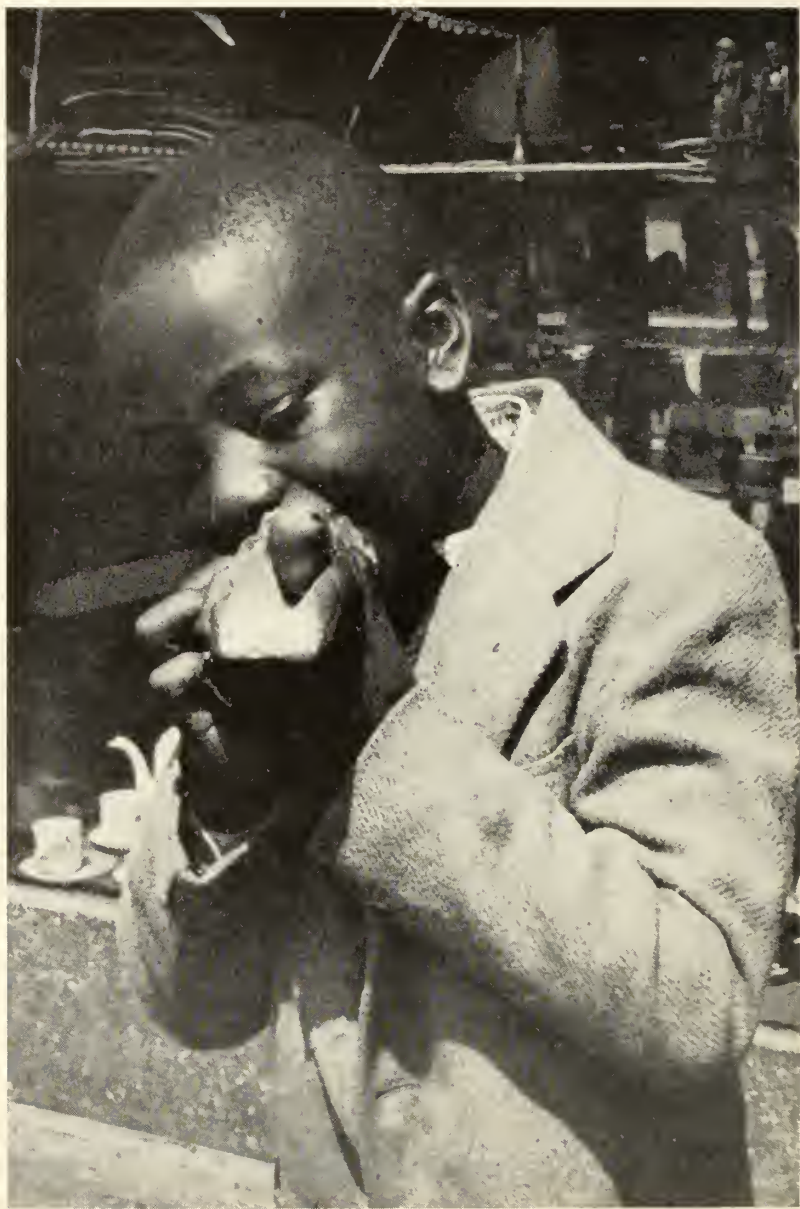
Angel: I would that out of all the world
Someone might voice his mind
And bare his soul
To tell what now man is.
Not a Christ who showed what might be,
Nor any ghost to point what once has been,
But you walking on a daily street,
Your eyes flashing pride
While you sing of love.
Only in crises
Do you think on death;
Then you pray from fear.
Fear of what? Do you sin?
Your eyes say, 'I am man.'
And say it as if that were all.
But speak that I may know
From whence both pride and fear.

Man: I have every comfort and know
Where laughter lies to be called upon.
There's south in the winter, avoiding cold,
And solace at night, avoiding love
(Love can be good, but it's safer
To read, dreaming it through).
I've looked at death in two wars;
And so I know enough to live
As if tomorrow were the end,
To live laughing. What is better?
If there are things to cry about,
Have another drink and light another light.

But sometimes (it's usually at night)
I get the feeling that I'm all alone;
And I'm too big to run to my mother,
Begging for comfort in a warm lap.
Just now and then I feel alone,
Afraid to think I might be wrong
In feeling the world is mine.
Why, I might be the world's, and maybe . . .
Now you've got me thinking
And that's bad, because answers
Aren't ever the same.
But since I'm not the only one
Who balks at making answers,
I'll take the times of fear
And enjoy the days between,
Making them last,
Tasting them long.
I'm not ashamed of what I do.
There are so many, many like me
I feel I am justified.

Angel: Continue down your daily street.
In your fear is your sin
And you sing in your pride.
O man, you've lost
That part the angels gave.
For if you had that gift you'd know
You cannot be alone;
Nor could pride keep you
From your mother's lap.
Live in your laughter, child,
But live only here and now.
Heaven
Comes late, comes strenuously,
Comes where answers are made.

Doris E. Abramson



GOURMET

Photo by Peter Wolfe

The Saga Of Hydrant-Head McDowd

Exchange story from the Amherst College "Touchstone"

I am setting down my tray at a table in the Madison Avenue Automat, when I see a familiar character inserting nickels in the "Pastries and Cake" section. By his size $8\frac{1}{2}$ head, I recognize at once that it's my old friend "Hydrant Head" McDowd, who for 6 long years I have not seen on Broadway. Being very glad to see him again I yell "Hydrant Head old pal—how a-yah?"

Naturally he hears me, because even the guys way over at the "Hot Dishes" section turn around and look, so he smurks once in my direction, picks up his tray and walks over to where I'm sittin'. He says, "Hello Harry" and we shake hands, but I can't help noticin' that it ain't the same "Hydrant Head" that I used to know. I don't say nothin' though except how's things and what's his racket now, and "Hydrant Head" tells me he's hustlin' furs in the Garment district, nine to five daily. I guess I look surprised because "Hydrant Head" says "It sure is different from the old days, Harry," and takes a sip of coffee from his saucer, looking very weary and very beat all the while. 'Course I feel sorry for the jiboon, so I figure that maybe if we talk over old times, he'll feel better and enjoy his cheese sandwich and coffee more.

Jeez—in the old days "Hydrant Head" McDowd was a household name in every American home. If you hadn't heard of "Hydrant Head," you never read the newspapers they used to say. Why, at one time he had Tex Rickard, John McGraw and Pop Warner all bidding for him at once—and all because of his head. Ya' see—"Hydrant Head's" noggin was size $8\frac{1}{2}$ like I say, and hard like a rock. One day the guys in front of Mickey's was kiddin' him about it being so big and hard—and "Long Shot" Donnelly lays odds it weighs 15 pounds net. Just for laughs, McDowd drops a copper in the scale outside the store and lays his head on the platform—and the needle swings right up to 13.5 pounds. Naturally the guys are amazed, and "Long Shot" says he figures the skull must be about an inch thick.

Anyhow, one day "Hydrant Head" is sitting in the Polo Grounds along the 3rd base line, watching the Giants cuff the Cincy's, when up to the platter steps Bill Terry, McGraw's new rookie. Terry sights along the first pitch and whales it foul along the 3rd base line—the ball incidentally catching "Hydrant Head" right on the dome, and ricocheting out to the 300 foot mark in left field. Everyone expects "The Head" to fold—and exen McGraw comes up out of the dugout to look at the body—but "Hydrant Head" does nothing but wiggle his noggin one time and look up at the scoreboard to see what the count is. McGraw almost drops his teeth when he sees that "Hydrant Head's"

pimple is still on his neck where it belongs—and he walks right over to the 3rd base seats to talk to him. Well, the outcome of the whole thing is that McGraw asks McDowd to come out to the Polo Grounds early the next day and draw a uniform—says he figures he can use him with a head like that. This is the beginning of "Hydrant Head's" career.

At first ya don't hear much about him until one day McGraw decides to have him pinch-hit Terry. This alone is enough to make the pencil jockeys in the press box blink their eyes, mainly because Terry is clouting the onion at a .375 average, but also because it's the Giant's half inning of an extra inning ball game with the Braves, bases are loaded and a hit will mean the game. But McGraw walks over to "Hydrant Head," says a few quiet words to him, pats him on the back and sends him up to the plate. Everyone in the park stands up and strains his neck for a look at the character that walks out of the Giant dugout, and when they see who it is—the whole ball park starts laughing. I'm there with "Long Shot" Donnelly and "Willy the Sleep," and I gotta admit that "Hydrant Head" is a peculiar sight walking up to the plate. His cap is sitting square on top of his pimple, with lots of head left uncovered, and his pants are a little long for him—hanging down to his thin ankles. But the crowd don't laugh too long, because no sooner does the Brave pitcher send one smoking down the alley inside and high, than "Hydrant Head" cocks his dome, takes the pitch square above the ear, and jogs down to first base, sending Matty in from third and putting the ball game on ice.

That night the "World Telegram" carries a 2 column article about "Hydrant Head" with a picture of his noggin and the size 8" hat that's too small for him, saying that McGraw is very pleased with his new utility outfielder. From this day on, "The Head" is a "somebody," and the attendance at the Polo Grounds nearly triples, everyone wanting to get a look at the guy who puts his head in the way of a first ball to get on base. And "Hydrant Head" hardly ever lets 'em down, pulling the same thing day after day. Once in a while McGraw puts him out in center field when the Giants are ahead, to give him a chance to develop his fielding, but his big job is to get in as a pinch hitter when the bags are loaded.

Anyhow, "Hydrant Head" winds up his first year with the Coogan bluff club and immediately McGraw hands him a contract and a fountain pen for the next season. The guy's a sensation! Tex Rickard wants to sign him as a fighter, and the odds all along Rickard's Beach are 7-3 that Dempsey would fracture his nut the first time he landed a punch. Bob Zuppke at Illinois says that if "Hydrant Head" ever turned fullback with that head, he'd split any line in the Big Ten wide open. But McDowd is loyal to old John McGraw, and says he's gonna stick with the guy that gives him his big break. The only thing he does that first year is endorse an Adam Hat that Adam himself makes special for him, and which incidentally is the biggest lid I ever see.

When the next season rolls around, the Giants are favored to win the flag in a walkaway, and Grantland Rice says that "Hydrant Head" is the biggest thing to hit the sports picture since Gerty Ederle rubs herself with Vaseline and takes a header into the English Channel. The season is only a month old when "Hydrant Head" is leading the league in runs batted in and looks as though he'll fracture the all time record of Willie Keeler.

Then one day in Chicago it happens. Three Giants men are on and it's a natural for "Hydrant Head's" act. The Cub pitcher is a rookie who's been wild all afternoon, his best heave being a slider up around the tonsils. No sooner does "The Head" step into the batter's box than down comes the pitch and "Hydrant Head" cocks his bean to catch it, but it seems though for once he ain't quick enough, and the ball clips him square in the mush. He does a half gainer over onto his back and takes the full count from the plate umpire Cal Hubbard. The crowd is astonished and don't say a word as a couple of special bulls carry "Hydrant Head" off the field in a stretcher.

Over at St. Vincent's hospital they discover that he's got a busted nose and he's minus one or two chicklets, but outside of that he's O.K. But the worst thing is that everyone knows now that poor "Hydrant Head" can be hurt, if you hit him any place but his bean. A week or so later when he's back on the Giant roster, there's a big crowd on hand to see him back in action—every one of 'em aching to see if he can still take a smoke ball on the noggin. But the Pirate pitcher, like every hurler in the league, knows that "Hydrant Head" is out to get dusted off, so he serves up a low hook that comes in like a racket and catches "The Head" on the knee with a "whack" you could hear in Carnarsie. Naturally, the guys drag him off the field and back to St. Vincent's where they're getting to know him pretty well now.

It looks like the curtains for McDowd as a ball player now, and every time he comes up to hit in a ball game—one pitch, and he's out for a week or ten days with a charley horse, split finger or bad shin bone. All the hurlers throw up the tricky stuff at him and very seldom is he able to get that big head in the way. He needs so much tape and bandages now that the Giant trainer has to ration it to the rest of the team and the boys over at St. Vincent's decide to keep a bed turned down for him.

McGraw's club is good, though, and though "Hydrant Head" don't see much action, the pennant play-off rolls around with only one game separating the Giants from the second place Cubs.

It's the last of the ninth and Manush singles for the Giants to put the winning run on. Manush who couldn't outrun his wife is gonna be replaced by a runner, and it turns out to be "Hydrant Head," though nobody including John McGraw knows exactly why. The poor guy comes scurrying up out of the dugout with his shins dragging adhesive tape and gauze and takes over at first to run for Manush, and the crowd goes wild. But the Chi-town pitcher

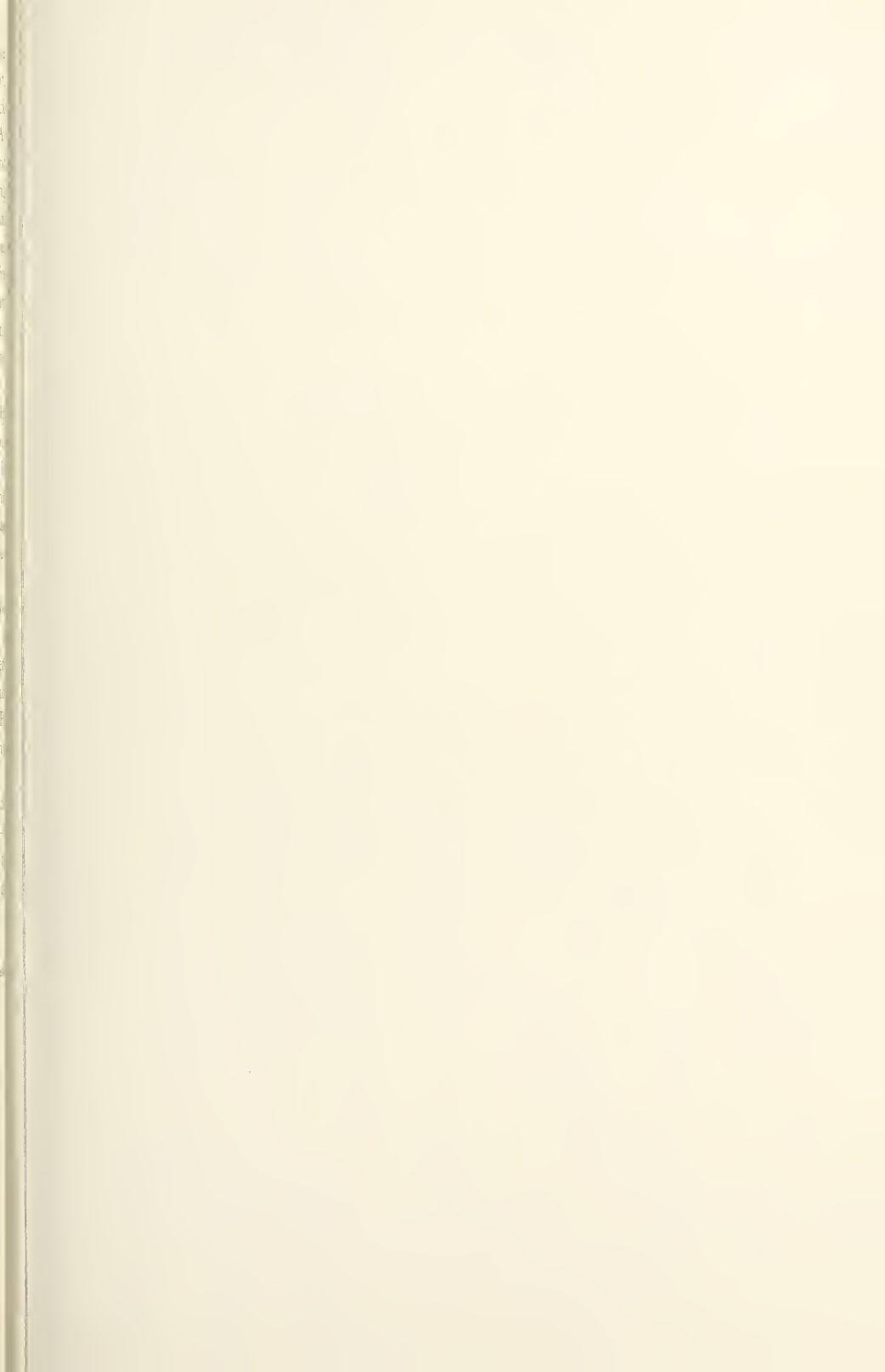
is no slouch and on the first pitch he hurls and picks "Hydrant Head" off the bag, trapping him between first and second. It looks like the finish all right, and nobody knows it any better than "Hydrant Head" himself—running back and forth between the two Cubs—so the guy tries the one trick he knows. As the second baseman lets the ball go down to first, McDowd crouches and like a cat he leaps into the air catching the ball just above his ear and sending it bouncing to the Gillette blades sign in right center—then like mad he heads for second, then, third, and he really turns it on streaking for the plate. About halfway down the 3rd base line he takes off in a headfirst slide, and as he comes skidding across the dish he crashes into the Cub catcher and sends him somersaulting back to the edge of the Giant dugout. The crowd goes nuts! "The Head" has come through again, and McGraw's boys are in for a big cut of the series money,—McDowd has won the ball game!

Well this may sound crazy to you, but that night in the clubhouse, "Hydrant Head" tells McGraw he's through, and gives his suit to the stock room clerk telling him to put moth balls in the pockets and shelf it. He tells the newsboys his pins are getting wobbly from all the charley horses and shin lumps and says he figures he'll take the dough out of the downtown Chase National and open a chicken farm in Bayridge. He says goodbye to McGraw and the Giants, snaps the padlock on his locker and . . . blows.

We don't see nothin' of him for years after that, until one day he blows into Mickey's, says his chickens all died on him 'cause of a flu epidemic in Brooklyn, his dough's all gone and he needs a job badly. "Willy the Sleep" tells him he'll teach him how to make books, and for a while "Hydrant Head" operates at Empire and Belmont, then all of a sudden he disappears again. For 6 years, no one sees "The Head" and now, today, here I am, sitting with him . . . over cheese sandwiches and coffee.

But like I say—things is different now. As the bus boy comes over to the table to clear off the dishes, he don't even look twice at "Hydrant Head"—he don't recognize him in the slightest. I guess "Hydrant Head" notices it too 'cause he drains the last of his coffee, sets the cup back in the saucer, sighs deep, and says, "Yeah, it sure ain't like the old days Harry."

E. L. Reilly



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A Thousand Miles from Home

The bus swerved to the curb and jerked to a stop. Impatient to be off again, its engine jazzed nervously as with a hiss the compressed air opened the front door. Len swung off the bottom step and buttoning his coat against the cooling night air, walked slowly up the dimly lighted street toward the tiny cottage where he had a room. He lit a cigarette, and inhaling deeply, thought again about Bette, and with the thinking, came that funny almost sick feeling in his stomach. God! how he missed her! If only he could just see her again and crush her in his arms and kiss her. He tried to think of the day when they would be married, and she would be with him always. It almost seemed too fantastic to visualize, for it seemed that she always had been away from him, that they had always been saying goodbye.

They had fallen in love when in high school, and had spent a glorious summer together before he had gone to college. After his first year, he was sure that he loved her, and they became sort of engaged that second summer, when he gave her his fraternity pin. That Spring he had been called into the army, and had ended up as a pilot in the Air Force. There had been a few three-day passes, and there was always the rush to get home to spend a day with Bette, and the hurried goodbyes to rush back to camp again. They had been together for eight days after he graduated, and though she had wanted to marry him then, he talked her out of it, almost convincing himself. Words like "the uncertainty of war" and "war widows at twenty-one" and all the rest, made them feel they were really being brave and wise. Almost. Len remembered the awful days in England, and how empty he felt thinking of the other married men who didn't seem to worry about leaving widows, or anything. It was a lot different from what he had thought. You didn't think about being killed—not after twenty-seven missions. You just thought about getting back home, to the wife who was waiting . . .

After Len's discharge, Bette and he made plans for their early wedding, but again they had to wait. Len's father died a month before the wedding was to have taken place, and his mother suffered a complete collapse. She was too much for Len or Bette to take care of, and she was taken to a rest home, where after some months she began to recover. Marriage was out of the question, and the bills were piling up, so Len had gone to the city to find a job paying enough to support his mother, himself in the city, and with enough left over to save for his and Bette's future. He got a job in the ticket office of the local bus company and soon became day manager of the office. The money was good, but the work was exacting, and the hours were long. He wanted to go back to college,

and they had planned to do it that next fall, when they would be married, and his mother well enough to travel to her sister's home in Michigan.

Len walked up the path that led to the back door of the cottage and slowly climbed the stairs to his room. He pulled down the shade of the single window that looked out over the garden and the next-door garage, then he took off his coat and carefully hung it in his closet. Still not turning on the light, he kicked off his shoes, loosened his collar, and flopped on the bed. He lay there quietly for a while, resting, his eyes closed, his hands lying limply by his side. After a few minutes he stirred, and reaching over to the table, groping for the lamp. Bette smiled at him as the room suddenly became light. It was the same smile that he had seen from the lid of his foot locker all the long nights he had been overseas. She had given him the picture just before he went away. "To Len, my darling, with all my love, Bette". That's what it said down at the right hand corner, in Bette's square handwriting. Len remembered how eagerly he looked forward to seeing that little picture at the end of each mission, and how it would always be there, waiting for him, smiling the same warm, reassuring smile that said everything was fine, and Bette was there, and was waiting. That had been the Bette he had known, and tonight, it seemed to him that it had been the only way he had ever known her at all. He picked up the western he had bought, and flipped through the pages. Selecting a short story near the back he started to read.

He had gone about halfway down the first page when it hit him. He suddenly began to think of the nights on end that he had spent cooped up in this room, reading, or writing letters, and going to bed early. He knew he must get out and do something tonight. He had exhausted his movie quota of three a week Saturday and Sunday, but there must be something to do, he felt he'd burst if he stayed inside another minute. He looked at his watch. A quarter to eight. He sprang out of bed with the idea of escape ringing in his head. Tonight he wanted to be with people, he wanted to hear music, and he wanted a drink. That was it — a drink! It had been a long time since he had drunk even a glass of beer. He opened the closet door, and took out his grey double breasted suit, the one he had bought the second day he had been a civilian. Carefully he put it on, and then selected a light blue figured bow tie which he knotted with extra care. Opening the top drawer of his bureau, he took out his other wallet, the one which contained his surplus, and which was the bank account that was to bring him and Bette together someday. Recklessly, he picked out a ten dollar bill, started to put the wallet back, hesitated, and then took out four one dollar bills. Added to what he already had in his pocket, it made about seventeen dollars altogether. That should be enough, he thought. Quickly he slipped on his coat and ran down the stairs and out into the cool night. He walked briskly down to the corner and waited for the bus. He remembered that he had not turned off the light in his room, but it didn't

even bother him, he was so jubilant and entirely happy. He decided to walk downtown, and as he swung along, a new feeling of adventure filled him; he felt as though he were beginning a new phase of his life, as though he were out on some dangerous mission fraught with thugs, stolen jewels, and beautiful women spies.

The bar at the *Chez Ami* was not crowded at this early hour, and Len ordered a glass of ale. Sipping it slowly, he looked around at the tables scattered over the floor like so many bridge tables at a lawn party. They were occupied mostly by couples, with an occasional foursome. They all seemed to be having a good time. On the tiny dance floor, a few couples shuffled aimlessly to the muted strains of "Night and Day," and at the far corner of the bar, sat two soldiers, drinking shots of whiskey. Len gulped down the rest of his beer, and ordered another. The feeling of excitement had begun to wear off, and replacing it was the old one of loneliness, a feeling that he didn't belong here. It wasn't that he shouldn't be having a drink: it was the uncertain motive which had prompted him to take the fourteen dollars out of his precious hoard, that made him feel uneasy. He tried not to think of the girl, and tried to think of Bette, who was probably having a cup of tea with Aunt Cathy, and who would soon be safe in bed. But all that came back was the picture of Bette on his table, and that damned self-assured smile of hers. "You're mine, Leonard Ashley, and you know it. And I'm so smug and secure knowing you are mine. And I know you couldn't do anything to make me doubt you." That's what the smile seemed to say, and it seemed to say it louder and louder, as Len thought about it.

Len couldn't understand this sudden rebelliousness toward Bette. He tried to fight it, but it was useless. Damn it, why wasn't she here? It was so easy for her to be home with her folks to keep her from getting lonely, and her friends to go to the movies with, and her own home and good meals to come back to after a day's work. But it was all different with him. How he hated that room and the restaurant meals, and sitting in a movie alone! He ordered another beer, and drained the glass in three long swallows. It was beginning to work on him now. He was certainly out of practice he thought, as his head began to feel very light and airy. The bartender brought him his fourth beer, and Len just let it stand there for a while. Funny how a man can change, he thought. In London, on leaves and passes, he went to the show with married men, or visited museums or cathedrals or castles. He was always with the boys, and some of them used to kid him about it. "He ain't human," they used to say, and they'd tell him about the girls they'd dated in the local pubs, or the more interesting adventures they had known in and around Piccadilly Circus. Len had laughed at them, and had felt smug and secure, and had known he was being true to Bette and the ideals she stood for. And now he was here in the local pub, waiting for the same thing as they had waited for—and found—

in London. The full realization of this spontaneous self-confession didn't sink in right away. When it finally did hit him, Len strangely didn't seem to care. "What the hell of it," he thought. "What am I supposed to do?" And then the strains of an old college song came strangely to his mind—"It was only an old beer bottle—a thousand miles from home"—a thousand miles from home—a thousand miles from Bette—and he was lonely, and as empty as the beer bottle was, too. Len felt like pinning a note to his coat—"Whoever finds this bottle, finds the honor all gone" and followed by the address of his suite of rooms on Holley street. In an almost debonnair mood, Len finished his beer. He felt more than ever like the movie hero waiting for the guy across the table to reach for his gun—or like Edmond Lowe in the French Legion, sitting in a cafe with Victor McClaglen—both of them trying to make Marlene Deitrich, with he, Edmond Lowe getting the girl, and making passionate love to her in the closed off-booth. Len looked again to make sure—no, there were no booths in the *Chez Ami*. Well, he'd order another beer, and maybe he wouldn't need a booth.

"Pardon me, but do you have a light?" the voice asked.

No, Len thought, it can't happen this quickly. Even in the movies. . .

He looked up, and saw that it had happened. He felt his blood rush to his face, and the pulse in his neck beat noticeably. She was a brunette, and young. She was half sitting on the stool next to his, and was holding a cigarette in her right hand, stretched out to him. She was pretty—beautiful—Len thought. He groped in his pocket and felt his lighter.

"Thank you," she said, smiling. "I always forget to bring matches with me."

Len tried to think of what Edmond Lowe would have said. He wished he could remember some of the things the fellows used to tell him in England. He was never any good at fast talk, and he couldn't ever remember picking up a girl. But here was the chance—the golden opportunity—and he trembled just a little.

"You're very welcome, I'm sure," he said. "Won't you have a drink with me?"

She swung back onto the stool, and smiled again. "Why yes, thank you, I'd love one. I was supposed to meet a friend of mine here at ten o'clock, but I guess he's late. And I really am so thirsty.

She ordered a dubonnet, and Len had another beer. He lighted a cigarette, and looked at her. She was wearing a white jersey afternoon dress, that clung nicely to her supple form. It had a square neck, and was doubly anchored by brilliant clips. Her hair was loosely combed in a long bob, and fell carelessly almost to her shoulders. She flipped it impatiently out of her face and turned to Len. "Do you come here often? I don't believe I've seen you here before"

"No," Len confessed, "I usually don't get down-town this time of the week. I was thirsty, too."

The girl looked at a tiny watch on her wrist, which answered her worried look by complacently stating that it was now ten-fifteen. Len checked it with his watch. "Would you like to dance? I can't see letting all that good music go to waste. Can you? And it looks like you're being stood up." "Yes," she agreed, "it is beginning to look that way. Frankly, I don't care. He's a bore, anyway. I think you'd be a lot more fun."

Len felt his heart quicken, and his throat contracted a little, as they walked over to the dance floor. She danced close to him, and he could smell a delicate odor of perfume in her hair. His forehead began to throb, and his hands felt moist. He began to be just a little bit scared. Things had gone too smoothly—it had all been too simple. Was this the way it had been in London? He wondered.

"I don't even know your name," she whispered in his ear.

"Would you like to know it?"

"I always like to know the names of the men I dance with—it makes it more — chummy."

"Len. What's yours?"

"Carolyn. Carol to you, if you like."

"I like."

"I'm glad you do. I like Len, too."

They danced in silence for a while, and then, "Where do you live?"

"Why?"

"I thought I'd like to take you home, if your date doesn't show."

She touched his ear lobe with the tip of her finger and whispered—"There isn't any date. I was lonely too."

Len felt his throat grow tight again, and his voice was thick as he asked, "How did you know I was lonely?"

"I watched you drinking your beer. I've noticed that lonely men who have been in the army like to get lonelier with a glass of beer. It's never a straight bourbon, or a shot of rye, those are for people who are excited, or nervous, or who have just killed someone—it's beer that makes a fitting companion for a lonely man. Haven't you ever heard of guys crying in their beer?"

So she had been watching him—sizing him up. Well, he didn't know what he was waiting for. . . "You didn't answer my question," he persisted. "Where do you live?" "Not very far from here. Would you really like to take me—home?" "You know I would, Carol," Len said huskily. "I'd just love to."

They finished the dance, and went back to the bar. Carol ordered another dubonnet, and Len ordered beer. Carol stopped the bartender. "You didn't mean to order beer, did you Len? You're not lonely any more, now that I'm

here, are you? What will it be—bourbon for your nerves, or rye for your excitement?" She sounded for just a second as though she was his older sister, and knew just what was best for him—she sounded dead sober—calculating, and he knew he was far from sober now. But it was probably his imagination—what the hell, he might as well go on with it. "Make it bourbon instead," he said.

Her apartment was on the second floor, in the rear. The hall was dimly lighted, and as they walked up the stairs, Len couldn't resist the temptation to put his arm around her waist. She moved closer to him, and at the top of the stairs, she turned toward him, smiling. He kissed her hard, and she was soft in his strong embrace. She pushed him away after a second, and said, "You're sweet, Len." They walked arm in arm down the corridor toward her room. It was a large room, with a tiny kitchenette at one end, and a door leading to her bedroom about in the middle. Len sat down heavily in the large sofa near the two windows, covered by a long chintz drape.

"I'll only be a minute," she said. "I want to powder my nose. Make yourself comfortable."

Len eased back into the sofa and closed his eyes. His head was really swimming now, and he felt a little bit funny in the pit of his stomach. For the first time since he had begun to drink beer at the *Chez Ami*, Len thought about Bette. A sense of guilt and shame overwhelmed him, and left him shaken. What was he doing in this apartment? What in hell was he thinking of—what about Bette—how could he face her after. . .

"I hope I didn't keep you waiting too long, darling."

Len opened his eyes, and quickly shut them again. She couldn't be real. He opened them again slowly, trying to bring them to a focus. She hadn't moved. She was standing in front of him, with the light at her back, clad in a silky negligee, and she had two drinks in her hand. "As long as you aren't lonely, any more, I thought you'd like to have another drink," she said softly. He reached out and took the drink, sipping it slowly, and looked at her. She was really a beautiful woman, he thought—so different from Bette—he marvelled that he could rationally compare her with Bette—and with no qualms this time.

She tilted the glass up and down, and set it on the table. She smiled down at Len, and leaning over, kissed him. He pulled her roughly to him, and they fell back on the sofa. His head began to throb, and he felt giddy and light as he held her tightly to him, and her soft lips against his own. Then it happened. Len felt the unmistakable warning in the pit of his stomach and the back of his throat. He was no longer the great lover, or Edmond Lowe. He wanted suddenly to be in his own room, and most of all, he wanted Bette—wanted her to be there to comfort him, and to smile at him. Jumping up from the sofa, he lurched to the door. Carol sprang up in amazement, and took a step

to him. "What's the matter, Len—what have I done?" she demanded. "You said you wanted to"

"Ah, go to hell, willya—" he snapped, and jerking open the door, he stumbled blindly through the hall and down the stairs. Once outside, the cold night air seemed to help him somewhat, and he started to run. He wanted desperately to get home, and to be in his own room, safe, with Bette's picture smiling at him. "Thank God," he kept saying to himself over and over again. "Thank God it happened before it was too late. Suddenly, incongruously, he started to laugh in harsh, gasping breaths as he ran. How funny it was, he thought, to thank God for being sick.

George Burgess '49

MOWING THE WEST MEADOW

Sleep, Sweet, sleep, sighs the scythe
Whispering rhythmically under cool dewdrops,
Velvet voice lulling, lulling the lush grass,
Velvet voice soothing and lulling the lush grass,
Sleep.

Trembling the grass stands watching the meadow
Slide 'neath a blanket plaited of grass leaves
Scented with clover.

Too soon the wide swaths, entranced by the morning,
The whisper, the sunrise, slide to the ground.
Too soon the bright crystals rise from the sharp leaves,
The withering green leaves,
Float from the meadow into the mist.
Sleep, sighs the siren,
Rhythmically whispering under cool dewdrops,
Velvet voices lulling, lulling the lush grass,
Velvet voice soothing and lulling the lush grass,
Sleep.

—John Brown '48

NEGO

1

I see the dynamic pattern of the universe;
Not in a vision, but from textbooks with forces listed 1, 1a, 2, 3, 4.
And factors, I know, aren't causes or reasons,
And a thousand difficulties make a million doubts
As the Geiger Counter counts.
Click click click.

2

And as a practical idealist
I trust my brother 'til he proves himself unworthy of that trust.
(John Stuart Mill, Henry Agard Wallace, and I shall form a mighty coalition
majority with the aid of PR)
And not only do I have a lot of answers to a lot of questions,
But I see the direction that my thoughts are going.
Vector analysis is a great aid, you know.
I am further prepared to supplement my individual gestalt
With wisdom of the ages.

3

So why should I squeeze the universe into a ball to roll it toward some over-
whelming question?
Why should I contend against those giants, the passion and the pride of man,
When the forces are listed
And the causes are listed
And the factors are listed
And the lists are listed?
And deviation is crazy.
So why should I question that neither passion nor pride is anywhere listed?
Oh, I'm pretty good, I am.
I'm Adam Link about to influence a segment, it seems to me
It seems to me
Of humanity.
And Lincoln Steffens, Ray Stannard Baker, and Theodore Dreiser had nothing
on me.
No tabula rasa mind is mine
I hope.

5

You've heard perhaps of the digest mania?
Well, I'm an excerpt expert
And here is my confession:

I started to read Plato's *Republic*, the *Standard Book of Play*, and George Berkeley's *Treatise Concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge*;
 But the only book I finished was *The Standard Book of Play*!
 And now I wet my cold dry lips and slink next to Rousseau.
 Three cheers for three no trump!
 Sir Guyon and I challenge anyone to a rubber or two of bridge
 And when I'm dummy, you'll excuse me if I skim my condensation of Shakespeare's plays.
 But partner, didn't you know that seven no trump is a shut-out bid?
 Ah well! 'Tis nough! So have an ale, just two.
 That's my limit during bridge games.
 The void Vanzetti felt so poignantly is only worth one-half an honor count,
 or so.

6

Go back Milton, Paine
 Go back Jefferson.
 Not a word out of the lot of you!
 It's my age now, if you please.
 Didn't you read the decision in *The Charles River Bridge Case*?

7

And I tell you, William Butler Yeats, that a motorized second coming at
 googol times the speed of light (oh yes)
 Comes hurtling down upon your grave.
 It only left Orion 1948 years ago
 Or thereabouts depending on which calendar you use.
 Ironic, isn't it?
 Yes, yes, so it dawdled on the way.
 Why should it hurry?
 Did I ever tell you that the surface of the earth is actually the outer periphery
 of the universe?
 That we are living on the inside of a sphere with all the galaxies directly
 between us and China?
 Think it over.
 But don't discard your 200-inch telescopes on my account.
 Just turn your guns of Singapore around,
 If you deem it important.

8

So ultimate realities of sorts hithertofore unimagined emerge at last.
 Plato to Jewett to me.
 Tinkers to Evans to Chance.
 In excerpts.

And I stand on the shoulders of Augustine and Boccaccio,
And Descartes,
And Spinoza,
And John Dewey,
And F. Scott Fitzgerald.
Don't sneeze Baruch, don't sneeze, no don't!

9

And so I survey the universe as I say quite clearly.
And I see that the proper study of mankind is neutrons.
Do I contradict myself? Very well I contradict myself.
I contain platitudes.
And I shout that to think for a moment that science can stop inventing and
devote itself exclusively to improving society and morals
Is ridiculous!
Thank you Cardinal.

10

But Newman oh Newman!
My liberal education illiberally dosed out helps me collate and correlate,
But a fourth dimensional force of unbelievable magnitude is taut within me
Like two pointed steel rods pressing together longitudinally with dynes upon
dynes upon dynes of force
That a perpendicular pat will split asunder
With cataclysmically cataclysmic results.
Not causes or factors,
But results.

11

And I dream.
Not of mushrooms in Bronx Park that remind me of my early Hungarian life,
But of mushrooms.

—Avrom Romm, '48

November Afternoon

Outside it was getting dark. A late afternoon mist, diffused with the city smoke and exhaust, hastened the evening. The motorists turned on their headlights, the street lamps were lit. The homebound traffic started. A few horns honked.

Inside, Sister Camilla strained her eyes to read her last daylight prayers to St. Jude and St. Aloysius. The sexton had not yet lighted the church. St. Malachi's Church was a dark tomb with votive lamps and the Tabernacle vigil solemnizing God's House. She placed her missal on the hard bench behind her. Sister Camilla of the Sisters of Charity now fingered her beads and turned to the Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, in His Holy presence on the altar.

"Oh God! Make me holy!"

She had taken her vows ten years earlier. She was a girl of twenty then, pretty, gentle, who loved God; who loved the world, but who chose God. She had been teaching since she took the veil of her order.

"Oh God! Make me holy! And make them holy!"

She turned her eyes from God in the Tabernacle to the few boys who remained within the church, awaiting their turn to go to the confessional.

She loved this. She loved to take her seventh-grade boys to the church on Friday afternoons. She seemed to be happiest there. If God heard her prayers that afternoon, if God answered them, He would tell Sister Camilla that she was sanctified in His Grace, and that her boys would become priests or brothers or Catholic laymen, strong in faith and Catholic Action. But God did not answer her prayers that afternoon.

Father Mullins heard the last confession. The sexton arrived from his grounds work and lighted the church. The brightness broke the shadowed solemnity. Sister Camilla picked up her prayerbook. A litany.

Lord, have mercy on us!
Christ, have mercy on us!
Lord, have mercy on us!
Christ, hear us!
Christ, graciously hear us!"

She proceeded with the fervor, the humility, and the devotion of the saint whose name she had taken. She did not hear the hurried steps of the

working people leaving the church after their visitations, nor the crinkling of the bags of the shoppers. She was in sacred ecstasy. Nor did she see Father Mullins leave the confessional for the rectory.

Outside it was raining when Sister Camilla left the church. A cold November rain drizzled.

She threw her shawl over her starched bonnet and walked hurriedly to the convent.

" . . . Mrs. O'Brien said he was walking across the street, Sister. He didn't see the car. The driver didn't see him."

Sister Agatha Marie was speaking.

"Father Mullins annointed him. It all happened when Father was coming from Confession and was going to the Rectory. His poor mother . . . He was in your class, wasn't he . . ."

. . . Sister Camilla knelt in the Convent chapel.

A few Sisters were reciting the Rosary.

. . . The statue of the Blessed Mother was blurred.

"Our Lady of Sorrows, have mercy . . . " A siren whirred outside and rain fell on the streets.

—John Dunn

TEXTUAL CRITICISM

Grandma never said it that way,
That's not how the maxim went.
But now I'm married I've discovered
"Familiarity breeds content."

WAISTLAND

Marie de Medici's was only thirteen
But corsets of steel she wore.
Though Scarlett O'Hara's spanned seventeen
Laced she was, behind and before.
Mine measures nowhere in-between
But *I* can touch the floor!

MRS. BROWNING HAD MORE LEISURE

"How do I love thee?" is the query.
Mrs. B. would count the ways.
But of lengthy verse I'm weary
And have that hunk of beef to braise.
You'll always know you're loved, my deary,
By mended socks and cheese souffles.

—Annette Jones

Of Noses

(With Apologies to Sir Francis Bacon)

A nose, according to Webster, is "the prominent part of the face which bears the nostrils and covers the anterior part of the nasal fossae." But noses in general, I have discovered, are not easy to define. To say the least, a nose helps to make a face distinctive. Certain magazine advertisements declare that a nose can change a person's entire life. A changed nose may win him friends and compliments. These articles even show convincing pictures of noses—"Before" is usually an eagle's beak; "After", a smooth ski-jump. However, from what I've seen of results, these "magazine noses" all look the same. A woman thinks with horror upon a new hat just like her best friend's, but she might be overjoyed to own a nose just like the woman's around the block.

Women are usually very fussy about their noses, or at least their appearance and degree of "shine". They often use their noses as an excuse to leave the dinner table. "Pardon me, while I powder my nose", are the usual words accompanying an exit. Men, however, seem quite content with the noses supplied them by nature. A few, such as football players, prizefighters, and skiers, say with pride, when remarks are cast at the mangled blob in the middle of their faces, "Why, last week was the seventh time I broke it!"

The nose, because of its protuberance and prominence has become a part of several American idioms: a nose for anything signifies a propensity for surmising and detecting; in spite of one the nose shows defiance or contempt; to snap one's nose off is to speak to a person snappishly; to put one's nose to the grindstone means to keep oneself at hard work; and to put one's nose out of joint connotes humiliation.

It seems as if noses have followed me through childhood. The first recollection I have of the organ is connected with infancy. Doting relatives would sweetly ask me where my nose was, and I would point to it unerringly. Then there was the nursery song about the blackbirds snipping off the nose of the maid hanging clothes in the courtyard. I remember, too, a fairy tale in which a man ate a piece of fruit that caused his nose to grow so long it wound twice around the forest. *Pinocchio* taught me what happened to children who tell lies. I think I first became sensitive to noses after reading this entertaining story. At present, my favorite "nose story" is Edmund Rostand's play, *Cyrano de Bergerac*. M. Rostand shows himself to be a master when it comes to synonyms and puns upon noses. After having read stories of noses, I can't help wondering how Sir Francis Bacon would express himself upon the subject today. Perhaps, using the outline of his essay *Of Studies*, he would say:

Noses serve for life, for ornament, and for ridicule. Their chief use for life is in inhaling to fill the lungs with air; for ornament, to enhance the beauty of the visage; and for ridicule, in serving as the subject of many a man's humor.

For expert wits can devise clever jokes, and perhaps contrive puns upon particular noses, one by one; but the really humorous sayings of noses come best from those that are afflicted with a large proboscis. To breathe too little is fatal; to speak of them too much as ornament is vanity; to make judgment upon an individual because of his nose is the sign of a fool. They are products of nature, and are perfected by plastic surgery: for scientific advances make it possible to improve the nose; and noses themselves do extend too far at times, except they are bounded in by the eyes and mouth. Crafty men spy with them, simple men admire them, and wise men keep them from harm; for they teach not their own use; but there is a wisdom which keeps them out of the affairs of others. Some noses are to be looked at, others to be wondered at, and some few to be satirized; that is, some noses are average, others extraordinary, and some few ludicrous. Noses maketh a satisfied man, a hunted man, and a miserable man. And, therefore, if a man has not smelled the odor of roses, when he looks at a painting of them, he had need have a great imagination; if he does not mind his affairs, he had need have fast legs; and if he catches cold, he had need have a good doctor, to seem to know that he will recover. Nay, there is no protuberance or excrescence but may see fit to disbehave, as diseases of the body invade it. If a man's nose be large, let him take heart; for in tests of everyday living, if his mind be noble, he will disregard this abnormality. If he is not apt to do this, let him study the showman; for they are examples of how to take advantage of these points. So every defect of the physiognomy may have a special receipt.

—Elaine Handlin

WINTER SOLSTICE

Old man sitting in an old house,
Half deaf, full dumb for lack of a listener—
Not wanting one anyways.
Deep into the winter night,
Slouched in his chair by the kitchen stove;
Only the luminance of a single light
Hung from a cord o'er the sink.
Luminance illumining his wry features
As he stares at the further corner of the room;
Faced away from the dark of out-of-doors,
Facing the light, yet staring at the dark.
Now, with work and pleasures
All floated down the stream
He sits.

Sees life as a checker game
Which fate played with free will—
Both with an even number of men
Except that Fate began with all men kings,
While free will had only singles.
Now with the game near done, and free will
Left with only a single move, then to be jumped by a king
And pushed thence off the board
Into Eternity,
He ponders on the what's to come in earnest.
Before a step ahead—now, a step next taken.
Attempts to match the brightness of the single light o'er the sink
With a light within his brain not yet extinguished;
Strains futilely to probe darkness with a beam of light—
Finds his beam too dim,
Finds it falls short before it can reach the darkness.
Past explanations form a meaningless confusion.
Past doubts, but a bit player in yesterday's production,
Now take the lead to overplay hope and faith
And force them off the stage
Much as if they never had a part.
Who's to say they did?
Slouched in his chair the old man sits,
And listens with his half-deaf ears;
No sound but singing fire and the splashing of leaky faucet.
His wry face sours as in resentment at a futile search.
He lifts his head to brush his face.
Dark night outside, grows yet more dark.
Splashing fire and singing faucet gradually fade away.
Night wears on.
Dark outside gives way to lesser dark.
Within its iron bed, the fire burns low
And a coolness slowly creeps upon the room.
The faucet drips.
Over the sink the light bulb burns alone.

—Chester E. Falby, '48

Senior Class Oration

ADDRESS GIVEN BY JOHN J. MARTIN

AT SENIOR CONVOCATION, 1948

MAY 20, 1948

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF OUR STATE UNIVERSITY

President Van Meter, Dean Machmer, Members of the Faculty, Members of the Class of 1948, Ladies and Gentlemen.

At this, the 1948 Senior Convocation, I think it may be well for us to pause and examine the newly acquired university status which we have enjoyed now for one year. This is a good time to review our progress during our first year as a university and to discuss the future of the institution, the goal we are aiming at, and the requirements for attaining that goal. Let us first analyze what we have and what we are fairly certain of acquiring very soon.

The most obvious development this past year is the vast construction program that has begun. By next year probably three new classroom buildings, seven dormitories, and a faculty apartment building will be in use. These are not so much a result of our becoming a university as they are a result of the immediate need to help equip this institution to care for the vast influx of veterans. Still, these do not provide for all the immediate needs. Nevertheless, the new buildings do contribute to our progress and mark an important step toward full university status.

The increased student body resulting from the transfer of students from Devens, is setting the pace for all other expansion. We are slightly above the '46-'47 enrollment with 2,000 undergraduate students. Graduate students and Stockbridge students boost the total to 2,600 as of last February.

The curriculum has not been modified radically, since only a few more advanced courses have been introduced. The most extensive changes have been in engineering. A course in Business Administration has been organized which may be the first step toward establishing a School of Business Administration.

The Trustees and Legislature recently established 50 new positions in the faculty. The new buildings, the increased enrollment, the enlarged faculty, and the expanding curriculum mark a sizable step toward the establishment of facilities needed to meet the increased responsibilities of a university. Our first year then, has been most successful and fruitful in a material way.

But what of the immediate future? Within two years we shall have reached a peak enrollment of between 3500-4000 students. Then it will very shortly drop to a predicted normal capacity of 3200, which includes graduate and Stockbridge students. This number would allow the admission of a freshman class of about 800. It is at that time that we shall begin to collect ourselves and

be able to turn our attention more completely to the development of the university as a whole.

By 1951 or 1952 we undoubtedly shall have acquired certain other new buildings which have been asked for in President Van Meter's annual report. They will include a new dining hall, a main engineering building, a larger power plant, and several more dormitories. So, in beginning normal operation as a university, we shall have housing facilities for 3200 students, a sizable faculty and nearly adequate building facilities for all departments. Our university will then consist of eight or nine undergraduate schools and divisions. Now what remains to be organized? Will our schools and divisions be sufficient to meet the responsibilities of a state university? Before considering this question, I think we should first look at the goal to be achieved.

The University of Massachusetts came into being at a critical period in American education. It was born at the beginning of the post-war World, and it must provide for teaching the qualities and technological skills necessary in such a world. It was born at a time when American democracy is being tried and tested as never before. It was born at a time so critical in the life of this nation that the President of the United States considered it imperative to establish a commission to examine the functions of higher education in our democracy. This commission has just reported its findings in a bulletin entitled, "Higher Education for American Democracy." It is most opportune that our new university will grow at a time when the problems which face higher education in America have been so clearly defined and the goals of higher education set forth on a national plane. Let us consider some of these goals and their relationship to the development of the University of Massachusetts.

At present we consider thirty-two hundred as the normal enrollment. We must grow large enough to accommodate all the qualified students in Massachusetts who seek the offerings of our university. We must see to it that no qualified high school graduate who is desirous of low-cost college education, is barred from seeking this education at our university because of lack of facilities. The Truman Commission has set one of the goals of higher education as "Education for All". They believe that equal opportunity for a free education should be made available to all members of our society who have the interest and ability to profit by it.

Without an educated citizenry alert to preserve and extend freedom, democracy cannot endure. Yet, can we allow such a large number of our citizens to continue poorly educated and still maintain our democracy? We boast in America about the equality of opportunity for all our citizens. All of us know that there are many barriers to this equal opportunity. We know that the kind and the amount of education our citizens obtain do not depend entirely on their own ability, but on the family or community in which they happen to be born, or worse still, the color of their skin or on the religion of their parents.

Boys who live in families of low income who are now in high school and are looking forward to a college education, become discouraged and abandon all hope of a higher education as they hear of well known colleges that are raising their tuition rates two hundred, three hundred, four hundred dollars per year. Racial barriers to equal opportunity constitute a well-known problem in the Southern part of these United States. Segregation in the South has resulted in schools which are not equally equipped or staffed. In some of our private colleges, Northern as well as Southern, the quota system results in barriers of a racial and religious nature. As all of you know, numerous colleges and universities maintain a selective quota for admission, under which certain groups are limited in their attendance. The University of Massachusetts has been and should continue to be a leader in breaking down these barriers to equal opportunities. And it can do so only by being large enough to accommodate all those who need its services.

Considering our goal from a different angle, we must become, however large, a well-balanced and closely knit university capable of offering a wide variety of courses. There must be no barrier of a restricted curriculum. We must broaden the scope of the curriculum by bringing heretofore badly neglected departments up to a strength comparable with the best we now possess. Some new and essential departments and schools must be introduced to round out the university picture. We must make every attempt to grant each department its needs in supplies and equipment in order to balance the strength of the departments.

Perhaps the most neglected phases of our entire curriculum have been and still are the fields of music and the fine arts. These are branches of education that have traditionally been regarded as a necessary part of every college and university in developing the esthetic attitudes of the students. If their place in general education is questioned, I should like to quote from the 1945 report of the Harvard University committee which was appointed to consider the requirements of general education in a free society. Of the fine arts, they say, "Few students entering college have ever been exposed to the visual arts. It seems to us, therefore, that it should be the obligation of the college to correct this lack by acquainting as many students as possible with the visual arts through a systematic introduction in the classroom." There are now virtually no provisions for a music or an art department. We are sorely in need of a music building with sufficient facilities for housing a music department suitable for the size of the school. The art courses available here are graciously offered by the department of landscape architecture. We need an art department as such—an independent department with its necessary buildings and facilities which can nevertheless work in close relation with the landscape architecture department. In other words, we should be able, as a university, soon to offer degrees in art and music.

An important part of every university is its public relations. Probably the biggest factor in promoting a college in the eyes of the general public is its athletic teams. Therefore, we should strive to develop superiority in athletics. It would win for us not only the support of the people of the state but especially, I think, the aid and interest of the legislature. Not for a moment am I suggesting we enter the business of professional football, but I should like to point out that athletics on this campus now deserve some state financial support since in the past the alumni financed our athletic field and our Physical Education Building. The athletic teams are now financed through the student activities tax. Student contributions alone are not adequate for maintaining the type of program the university should have.

We may be able in the future to look forward to the establishment of a school of medicine and a school of dentistry in our university. President Truman's commission reports that, "there is a need to increase enrollments in graduate and professional schools by one hundred and seventy percent." In many communities in this state one must often wait hours to secure the services of a physician and often times he must wait days to secure the services of a dentist. The departments and schools whose establishment has been suggested are those which seem to be the more urgently needed to meet our responsibilities in serving the people of Massachusetts and in offering education for all.

World War II has made one thing clear to the American people: we can no longer isolate ourselves from the happenings in other parts of the world. It must be the goal of education to develop in our people a greater understanding of the international problems confronting our generation. This will involve providing expanded opportunity in colleges and universities for the study of all the aspects of international affairs, the nature and development of other countries and their traditions, and the attitudes of other nations toward war. We must acquire quickly a sympathetic understanding of the hopes and fears and aspirations which control the actions of vast numbers of men throughout the world. And how are we going to do this?

It is obvious that a man who is trained in a narrow field of knowledge will not be equipped to judge these world situations. We must have men who are broad-minded, equipped with a well-rounded education. A decided overdose of one narrow field is not valuable unless partly balanced by some of another. I think we should keep that in mind when the university becomes more diversified and there is a temptation to scrape the Freshman-Sophomore requisites. Of course, there is the argument that with fewer requisites, a student can concentrate on the more advanced phases of his chosen field and thereby become better qualified to earn a living. Today the desire to increase one's earning capacity is a big factor in a person's attending college. But I question the practical application of this viewpoint. Usually, jobs in scientific fields, involve so narrow and small a part of the field, that reliance will go back to knowledge

gained in the general basic courses. It is questionable whether a few more advanced courses would help a person's earning capacity any more than a few requisites would contribute to that capacity by rounding out the man's personality, attitudes, and general background.

We now have an able faculty at the University. To maintain it will undoubtedly be a task of ever increasing difficulty. To the faculties of the past we owe the commendable scholastic reputation we now possess. They have kept the standards in this college high, and we must maintain these standards and lift them even higher in order to place this University among the significant institutions of the country.

We seem to have forgotten that a school is largely evaluated by the calibre of its faculty, and the faculty is in turn judged, not alone by the quality of its teaching in the classroom, but also by the research and original work which they do, and the papers which they publish. In our University, considerable research is done in our experiment station, but not enough by the teaching faculty.

But how can a faculty which is overburdened with teaching loads twice as great as that of other colleges and universities, find time for research? How can a faculty be expected to carry on research when it is handicapped by lack of facilities and equipment for experimentation? This problem can be solved only by reducing teaching loads and by equipping our departments for research and original work, as well as expanding the capacity of our library.

Massachusetts is not alone in neglecting to use to full capacity the research abilities of these who are best equipped for such work. During the decade of 1930 to 1940, only 7% of those men who had Ph.D. degrees, and who were employed in four-year colleges throughout the country, were principally engaged in research work. Thus, a good research program on the part of the faculty, would bring this university more prestige in educational fields than any other single accomplishment, and careful consideration must be devoted to this neglected phase of our University.

In line with this program, more undergraduate honors work could be done in all departments. At present, there are departments on the campus which do not offer the opportunity for honors work—the opportunity for a student to choose an original problem in which he is vitally interested and to solve that problem as best he can. All departments should offer the chance for a student to work independently, according to his own time and leisure, to get a taste of what research involves. We should consider the possibility of making honors work a far more important part of our curriculum than it has ever been in the past.

Our main objectives in the near future should be, consolidation of present departments, addition of new departments in fields in which we are lacking, maintenance of a balanced curriculum which will include essential requisites

necessary for a broad education, and encouragement of research work among the faculty.

Of course I realize that most of you in the audience may admit the desirability of these goals, but you may question their practicality since they depend upon the action of the legislature in making the necessary appropriations. But is there any reason to suppose that we will not get the needed support? Do not forget that twenty years ago this institution was the Massachusetts Agricultural College; one year ago it was Massachusetts State College. Our budget during the past year was nine million dollars. With similar and continuing support from the state legislature, there is no reason why these goals cannot be achieved.

By a happy coincidence, our new university starts its development with a new president. The trustees and the faculty have expressed great confidence in Dr. Ralph A. Van Meter and in his ability to lead this institution through the difficult period of development which lies ahead. The student body has responded eagerly to his demonstrated powers of leadership, his understanding and sympathetic nature, and his deep interest in the problems of the faculty and the students. As the Class of 1948 approaches graduation we look to President Van Meter with confidence, and we feel certain that many of the goals which I have considered this morning will be achieved in the near future.

SONNET

What have we here entombed beneath this mask
Of pigment white or black, this human face?
'Tis sad we see the mask alone and bask
'Neath numbing sun which lulls one to embrace
Or spurn all folk for what they first appear,
And greet with lifted lip the true, the real.
Our values, not on wood, but on veneer
Are based today. Praises to Pretense peal
Throughout the blinded land; she reigns as queen.
When we shall come to see our fellow men
As more than painted things or bodies lean
Or ceaseless founts of idle wit, 'tis then
We will be beings far more to be prized
Than now, when we are pseudo-civilized.

—Joseph Hilyard, '50

